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MEMOIR OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

[Concluded from page 173.]

On the 2d of March he left Paris for England, which he reached on the 4th amidst a heavy shower of rain,—a gloomy opening to his visit. The first incident, however, that happened after his arrival, showed how highly his character and talents were appreciated. Instead of requiring to present himself as an alien at the Passport Office, he was immediately waited upon by the officer with the necessary papers, and requested to think of nothing but his own health, as every thing would be managed for him. On the 6th he writes to his wife from London.

"God be thanked! here I sit, well and hearty, already quite at home, and perfectly happy in the receipt of your dear letter, which assures me that you and the children are well; what more or what better could I wish for? After sleeping well and paying well at Dover, we set out yesterday morning in the Express coach, a noble carriage drawn by four English horses, such as no prince need be ashamed of. With four persons within, four in front, and four behind, we dashed on with the rapidity of lightning through this inexpressibly beautiful country; meadows of the loveliest green, gardens blooming with flowers, and every building displaying a neatness and elegance which form a striking contrast to the dirt of France. The majestic river, covered with ships of all sizes, (among others the largest ship of the line, of 148 guns,) the graceful country houses, altogether made the journey perfectly unique."

He took up his residence with Sir George Smart, where every thing that could add to his comfort or soothe his illness had been provided by anticipation. He found his table covered with cards from visitors who had called before his arrival, and a splendid pianoforte in his room from one of the first makers, with a request that he would make use of it during his stay.

"The whole day," he writes to his wife, "is mine till five, then dinner, the theatre, or society. My solitude in England is not painful to me. The English way of living suits mine exactly, and my little stock of English, in which I make tolerable progress, is of incalculable use to me."

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the opera (Oberon.) I shall have leisure and repose here, for they respect my time. Besides, the Oberon is not fixed for Easter Monday, but some time later; I shall tell you afterwards when. The people are really too kind to me. No king ever had more

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done for him out of love; I may almost say they carry me in their arms. I take great care of myself, and you may be quite at ease on my account. My cough is really a very odd one. For eight days it disappeared entirely; then, upon the third (of March,) a vile spasmodic attack returned before I reached Calais. Since that time it is quiet again. I cannot, with all the consideration I have given it, understand it at all. I sometimes deny myself every indulgence, and yet it comes. I eat and drink every thing, and it does not come. But be it as God will.

"At seven o'clock in the evening we went to Covent Garden, where Rob Roy, an opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage-box, that I might have a better look of it, some one called out, Weber! Weber is here! and although I drew back immediately, there followed a clamor of applause which I thought would never have ended. Then the overture to the Freyschutz was called for, and every time I showed myself the storm broke loose again. Fortunately, soon after the overture, Rob Roy began, and gradually things became quiet. Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm nature, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honor. And now, my dear love, I can assure you that you may be quite at ease, both as to the singers and the orchestra. Miss Paton is a singer of the first rank, and will play Reiza divinely. Braham not less so, though in a totally different style. There are also several good tenors, and I really cannot see why the English singing should be so much abused. The singers have a perfectly good Italian education, fine voices, and expression. The orchestra is not remarkable, but still very good, and the choruses particularly so. In short, I feel quite at ease as to the fate of Oberon."

The final production of the drama, however, was attended with more difficulty than he had anticipated. He had the usual prejudices to overcome, particular singers to conciliate, alterations to make, and repeated rehearsals to superintend, before he could inspire the performers with the proper spirit of the piece.

"Braham," says he, in another of his confidential letters to his wife, (29th March, 1826,) "begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first

quite horrible; I could not hear of it. At last I promised, when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this grand scena, a confounded battle piece and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation. Adieu, and now for the battle.

So, the battle is over, that is to say, half the scene. To-morrow shall the Turks roar, the French shout for joy, the warriors cry out victory!"

The battle was indeed nearly over with Weber. The tired forces of life, though they bore up gallantly against the enemy, had long been wavering at their post, and now in fact only one brilliant movement remained to be executed before they finally retreated from the field of existence. This was the representation of Oberon, which for a time rewarded him for all his toils and vexations. He records his triumph with a mixture of humility, gratitude, affection, and piety.

"12th April, 1826.

"My best beloved Caroline! Through God's grace and assistance I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it! When I entered the orchestra, the whole of the house, which was filled to overflowing, rose up, and I was saluted by huzzas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought would never have done. They insisted on encores the overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause. * * * * So much for this night, dear life: from your heartily tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace until he had communicated to you this new blessing of heaven. Good night."

But his joy was interrupted by the gradual decline of his health. The climate of London brought back all those symptoms which his travelling had for a time alleviated or dissipated. After directing twelve performances of his Oberon in crowded houses, he felt himself completely exhausted and dispirited. His melancholy was not abated by the ill success of his concert, which from causes we cannot pretend to explain, was no benefit to the poor invalid. His next letters are in a desponding tone.

"17th April, 1826.

"To-day is enough to be the death of any one. A thick, dark, yellow fog overhangs the sky, so that one can hardly see in the house without candles. The sun stands powerless, like a ruddy point, in the clouds. No: there is no living in this climate. The longing I feel for Hosterwitz, and the clear air, is indescribable. But patience,—patience—one day rolls on after another; two months are already over. I have formed an acquaintance with Dr. Kind, a nephew of our own Kind. He is determined to make me well. God help me, that will never happen to me in this life. I have lost all hope in physicians and their art. Repose is my best doctor, and henceforth it shall be my sole object to obtain it. * * * *"

"To-morrow is the first representation of my (so called) rival's opera, 'Aladdin.' I am very curious to see it. Bishop is a man of talent, though of no peculiar invention. I wish him every success. There is room enough for all of us in the world."

"30th May.

"Dearest Lina, excuse the shortness and hurry of this. I have so many things on hand, writing is painful to me—my hands tremble so. Already too impatience begins to awaken in me. You will not receive many more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfurt—*poste restante*. You are surprised? Yes, I don't go by Paris. What should I do there—I cannot move—I cannot speak—all business I must give up for years. Then better, better, the straight way to my home—by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfurt—a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, rest sometimes half a day, I think in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms."

"If God will, we shall leave this on the 12th June, if heaven will only vouchsafe me a little strength. Well, all will go better if we are once on the way—once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones—ever your loving father Charles."

This letter, the last but one he ever wrote, shows the rapid decline of his strength, though he endeavors to keep up the spirits of his family by a gleam of cheerfulness. His longing for home now began to increase till it became a pang. On the 6th of June he was to be present at the Freyschutz, which was to be performed for his benefit, and then to leave London for ever. His last letter, the thirty-third he had written from England, was dated the second of June. Even here, though he could scarcely guide his pen, anxious to keep up the drooping spirits of his wife, he endeavors to speak cheerfully, and to inspire a hope of his return.

"As this letter will need no answer, it will be short enough. Need no answer! Think of that! Furstenau has given up the idea of his concert, so perhaps we shall be with you in two days sooner—huzza! God bless you all, and keep you well! O were I only among you. I kiss you in thought, dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Charles, who loves you above all."

On Friday the 3d of June, he felt so ill that the idea of his attending at the representation of "Der Freyschutz" was abandoned, and he was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at 11 o'clock in good spirits, and at 7 next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

He was interred on the 21st with the accustomed solemnities of the Catholic Church, in the chapel at Moorfields, the Requiem of Mozart being introduced into the service. In person, Weber is described as having been of the middle height, extremely thin, and of dark complexion. His countenance was strikingly intelligent, his face long and pale, his forehead remarkably high, his features prominent, his eyes dark and full. His usual look was one of calm placid thought, an expression which was increased in some degree by spectacles, which he wore on account of his shortness of sight. The force and acuteness of his mind were indicated in the occasional brilliancy of the expression of his countenance; the habitual patience and mildness of his disposition, in its permanent look of placidity and repose.

To characterise such a man as Weber is not an easy task, though we may now approach it with more chance of impartiality than amidst the excitement and regret which followed his early death. When "Science" self destroys her favorite son," and a great and good man drops suddenly into the grave from the very earnestness of his pursuit after immortality; dies, too—far from his home and friends—in a land "where other voices speak, and other sights surround," our feelings are so mixed up and blended with our judgment, that we at first inclined to overrate his services, or to exaggerate the range and compass of his ability. Something perhaps analogous took place in the case of Weber. Much vague and unmeaning compliment, much idle declamation, and many false views, would require to be cleared away before the man himself could be seen and appreciated in his simplicity. But Weber is, fortunately, one who, even when deprived of these trappings, retains the dignity and the honors of a great artist; nay, perhaps, like the Sybilline books, he loses little or nothing of his value by their abridgement.

As a composer, amidst the flood of excellence which his works display, we have some difficulty in singling out the quality for which he stood most pre-eminent. We think, however, that he was in no respect more distinguished than for the perfect originality of his style. He imitates no particular master, he is the slave of no particular school, and

can scarcely be said to take the cue from any of his predecessors or contemporaries. He walks in a path decidedly and peculiarly his own; and yet with all this originality, with a style so strongly, so indelibly marked, that it can never be mistaken, he is perhaps less of a mannerist than any composer of his day. The character of his music always varies with the subject. Unlike that of some, it is no Procrustes-bed, to which all themes whatever are forcibly subjected and fitted in so as to correspond with its precise form and dimensions. On the contrary, his compositions, as they invariably spring from the contemplation of the subject, possess all the beauty and variety incident to it; and when we turn to his laughing chorus, the striking and singular effect of which is produced by the adaptation of the very phenomenon which usually takes place on the vocal organs when the risible faculties are agitated—to the cries of terror and dismay which break from Max when struggling to escape from the demon, and to many other passages of his works, we are impressed with the idea that the object which he had constantly in view was simply to modulate the voice of nature so as to bring it within the laws of musical expression. So completely, indeed, has he followed the course which nature points out, that we may apply to him with the most perfect justice the high eulogium which Pope pronounces on Shakspeare, when he describes him as being "less an imitator than an instrument of nature," and adds "that it is not so just to say of him that he speaks from her as that *she* speaks through *him*."

The consequence of this is, that his works are remarkable for the individuality of their character; and, in this respect, they admit of being favorably contrasted with those of his great rival Rossini. His *Freyschutz*, his *Preciosa*, his *Oberon*, his *Euryanthe*, are so distinct from each other, we venture to say that, with a person ignorant of their author, they might pass for the productions of a different artist; but let any one for the first time hear a series of Rossini's operas, and if he did not, without being informed, very soon find out that the author of *Tancredi* wrote the *Barber of Seville*, we should have no very high opinion of his musical discrimination. There are, indeed, many points in which it would be desirable to institute a comparison between these two great masters, and there is one in particular which we cannot resist alluding to, but which at the same time we do not feel ourselves at liberty to dilate upon. We should be sorry to praise the dead at the expense of the living; and while we are quite ready to hold up the pure, spotless, amiable, and *unpretending* character of the one, as a perfect model for the imitation of his professional brethren and of his fellow-men, we feel that we have no right, and we have certainly no wish, to assume the ungracious office of censors upon the conduct of the other. To contrast his *morale*, or that of almost any man, with the career of the former, would be putting it to a severe test; and with regard to Rossini, when we reflect upon the loose and profligate society in which he passed his earlier years, the vagrant life which he led, the temptations by which he was surrounded, and his own ardent temperament, we should be uncharitable indeed, if we did not regard, with every feeling of indulgence, errors and irregularities which the matured man has outlived, and, we trust, atoned for. If, therefore, we recall to mind the following little circumstance, we do so simply because we consider it highly characteristic of the slovenly way in which operas are got up in Italy, and the sort of judgment which is there exercised on the part of the composer and the audience. What we allude to is the well known incident which happened at Venice some years ago, upon the production of Rossini's

opera of "*Edoardo e Cristina*," which went off with prodigious *eclat*; because, as his biographer tells us, no one in Italy ever thinks of reading or attending to the "*words*" of an opera; for had they done so they would have discovered, that what they admired so excessively consisted of a mere jumble, a piece of patchwork, which, in point of conception and character, could have had no earthly relation to the piece, as it had all been most carefully selected by the *maestro* himself out of two of his own operas which had shortly before been performed at Naples with great success. The fact was, that when the libretto arrived, unhappily for the unfortunate *impresario*, who was nearly ruined in consequence, the composer was too deeply engaged in the affairs of the heart to trouble his head with the business of composition.

We need hardly say that a German audience would have been more critical, and a German composer more scrupulous. In regard to Weber, he never wrote without having studied his subject in all its bearings, and deeply imbued his mind with its spirit and sentiment. In the execution, every thing manifests the utmost care and refinement, the most consummate judgment and propriety; the most admirable congruity pervades the *tout-ensemble*, and the result always is, what can scarcely ever be said in regard to any of Rossini's works, one perfect and uniform whole. This unity extends even to the overture, which it most certainly ought to do (although his illustrious rival seems to be so little of that opinion, that he makes use of the self-same overture to preface no fewer than three of his operas;) and in this particular we know no composer who has been more felicitous. Whatsoever he has written in this shape is the perfect *beau ideal* of this class of composition. His overtures, particularly his greatest, that of the *Freyschutz*, contain a sort of miniature representation of the plot and design of the opera: they are like a mirror, in which all its rays are collected into one focus; and thus, they fix the tone and character of the piece in the mind, and form an excellent preparative for what follows.

We see in Rossini a perpetual recurrence to the same series of modulation, and as in *Di piacere* and *Una voce*, he is constantly reproducing the same ideas in different shapes; he is always, in short, revolving and re-revolving within a limited sphere. Doubtless, within that sphere, his pretensions to originality, to a felicity, a light, a brilliancy unequalled, to a genius, which, at the age of twenty-four, had subjected all Europe to its power, are incontestable. But genius, that clear fountain from which all original ideas flow, will sometimes run dry when the soil from which it springs is not occasionally moistened by the dews of study and contemplation. We are convinced that it is only in this way that the faults to which we have alluded—mannerism and an exclusive partiality for a particular style—are to be avoided. "How absurd," says Weber, in one of his letters we have quoted, "to suppose that the mind is cramped by the serious study of means." As well might it be said that a knowledge of mankind contracted our notions, and strengthened our prejudices, as that an intimate familiarity with the works of the great masters, their principles, and their practice, had a tendency to repress the natural expansion of the faculties! It may have occasionally happened that individuals by no means destitute of talent, by losing sight of the ends to which the acquisitions they were engaged in amassing were truly subservient, or from too great a veneration for a particular model, have been led to become followers in a path, where nature, had they obeyed her dictates, had qualified them to take the lead; but in all vigorous and well organized minds, appli-

cation judiciously directed has always, and will ever, produce an opposite effect, and impart fresh impulse to the creative powers.

Such certainly was the case with Weber. We may consider the production of the Freyschutz as the great landmark of his fame—the brightest spot in his existence; and when we take a retrospect of his previous career of patient, laborious industry, it would appear as if till then he had been proceeding, step by step, to the lofty eminence to which it raised him. He had never previously undertaken a work of equal magnitude. His antecedent operatic productions had been of a much lighter and less elaborate fabric; but, besides these, his detached pieces, consisting, as they chiefly did, of Masses, Symphonies, Cantatas, Concertos and Sonatas for stringed and wind instruments, were of a nature to render him well versed in every species of style, and intimately acquainted with the uses and capabilities of the different instruments. By these means, in conjunction with the experience he had acquired in dramatic as well as musical effect, he was enabled, when the occasion at last presented itself, to develop his great talents in the fullness of their maturity, by producing an opera equally remarkable for the beautiful, expressive, and novel character of its melody, and the ingenious and scientific nature of its instrumentation. If we were to assign a reason why we think this opera should place its author only a little lower than Mozart, it would be the inimitable manner in which the charms and expression of the vocal department are heightened and enforced by the happiest and most skilful choice and distribution of all the means and resources which the powers of harmony could call into operation. These are the *chiaro oscuro*, the coloring, the filling up of the picture; and unless they are effected by the hand of a finished artist, the production is by so much the less perfect; nothing, therefore, can be more clear than that wherever any imperfection exists in the sinfonial parts, it must proportionally detract from the excellence of the whole. The operatic scores of Paisiello and Cimarosa, exquisite as are their melodies, are but meagre and unsatisfactory in comparison with those of Mozart, of Beethoven in his *Fidelio*, of Weber, nay, even of Mayer, Paer, Weigl, and Winter.

We are now treading upon debateable ground; we have passed the confines of the question which has so long divided the Italian and German school. But we cannot regard as a matter of doubt, or as any thing short of a violent national prejudice, the opinion of those dogmatists who, for upwards of twenty years after his death, would deny a hearing to the *chef d'œuvres* of Mozart, and who even yet turn a deaf ear to many of his happiest effusions. If the most appropriate, the most varied, and the most effective accompaniments are not to be called in to the aid of the song, and if these are not to be adjusted with that degree of skill, delicacy and judgment which a great symphonist alone possesses,—or if, when thus accomplished, we are to be told that the effect produced is an interruption to the *cantilena*—an unwarrantable encroachment upon its prerogative,—let our orchestra be at once dismissed—a few chords struck upon one of Broadwood's grand pianofortes, or at most a *septett* of performers, will produce all the body of sound which admits of being tolerated. Accompaniment is the art of enforcing and setting off to the greatest advantage the effect of the principal part, and as such, both in the composition and in the performance, it has always been regarded as perhaps the most arduous and delicate branch of the art. Now, if the objectors to the German school could show, that its most illustrious masters had failed in the execution of this part of their task—that their accom-

paniments, instead of being subservient, had actually predominated, to the injury of the vocal effect, we should not for a moment hesitate to concur with them. But we have never observed this to be the case, except when they happened to be ill performed, a circumstance of which the Italians had frequent experience on the first introduction of Mozart's music into Italy, and which, we have no doubt, had its influence in riveting this prejudice. Upon this occasion we are told, that it was remarked, by one of their *cognoscenti*, that the German accompaniments were not "mere guards of honor to the song, but actually *gens d'armes*," a simile which conveys a lively idea of the miserable style in which the orchestra had performed its functions, while it affords a fair enough exemplification of what these judges consider that the art of accompaniment should consist of. "Guards of honor!" by which we are of course to understand, a sort of military *cortege*, whose duty it is to stand sentry for the protection of the song, holding no farther communication with it than by firing an occasional salute—a mere piece of etiquette in short, of about as much importance as the sentry who used nocturnally to mount guard at one side of the proscenium of the opera house, to let us know that we were sitting in the King's theatre.

That the human voice is the most delicious of all instruments none will be hardy enough to deny, nor will any one be surprised to find that where it exists in perfection, it will be cultivated in preference to instruments of an artificial kind. We need not, therefore, wonder that the Italians, gifted by nature with the richest vocal organization, should luxuriate in the delights of melody, in preference to all other species of musical gratification—that they should prefer to listen to their *Pacchierottis*, their *Marchesis*, and their *Dauids*, to all the instrumentalists in the world—and that their composers, giving way to the public *penchant*, should, like so many jackalls, exert all their efforts to supply them with the necessary wherewithal to enable them to display their powers, and that, so far from rendering permanent, they would do all in their power to sink a branch of the art which might rival, or occasionally hold a *divisum imperium* along with them. Thus it is, that in this country melody has expanded itself into a rank and excessive luxuriance. The Germans again seemed to have steered a middle course. As nature has not been quite so bountiful to them with respect to voice, they have not been seduced to cultivate one branch of the art to the exclusion of the other. With them, accordingly, melody and harmony have grown up like twin sisters, reciprocally to sympathize with and support each other. It is in this relation, we think, they appear most graceful. Melody, as the elder of the two, may be entitled to a certain degree of deference; but we are always sorry when we observe any coldness or reserve existing between them; and herein, we apprehend, the great error of the partizans of the opposite opinion lies—they consider them as strangers to each other, and discourage that mutual affection which is constantly prompting the one to cling to the other.

The point at issue here seems to us to be so very clearly in favor of the German school, that it is quite unnecessary to extend the argument farther. Our only reason for entering on it at all, is, that Weber's proudest distinction seems in great measure to hinge upon it. In this particular, however, we are happy to think that he has one powerful and more than sufficient guarantee—his fate is linked with that of Mozart; and those who are of opinion (and there are few who are not,) that Don Giovanni and the *Zauberflöte* are the best models of operatic composition will not be slow to admit that *Der Freyschutz* and *Oberon* follow closely after

them. The reputation of that artist is built upon a rock who to the inspiration of the purest melody has superadded all the means and resources of the most accomplished symphonist. If, however, these qualities are, as we suspect, the veritable stamina to ensure length of fame, what are we to say to the earlier works of the greatest of living composers? Are we to conclude that all his delicious arias are doomed to premature oblivion? The magic of genius, we trust, will avert that fate; but that the superstructure would have promised a longer term of endurance if it had been built of less flimsy materials, the author of the *Siege of Corinth* and of *William Tell*, we dare say, would be the first to avow. Except that his accompaniments are more massive, that there is more reduplication of parts, and the work is less minute and *travaillé*, Rossini seems now to have fairly gone over to the German faction, and never regards his operas as complete until he has given the last finishing touch to the orchestral arrangements; and the result has been that his latter works have raised him in the estimation of connoisseurs. But they are not received with half the enthusiasm and delight which ushered in his earlier operas. The days are gone, when, in all the fire and buoyancy of youth, he was wont to transport his hearers into ecstasy with such strains as "Di tanti palpiti" and "Amor possente nome." Some may think that such scintillations of genius are only to be struck out in the morning of life; but of this we are by no means certain. If we advert, for instance, to the compositions of Haydn, we shall find that the flowing and graceful melody of his latter works is as instinct with beauty and life as any which he produced in the early part of his career. Rossini is yet in the vigor of life, and if his works do not sparkle now as they once did, it can only be because the vein which he has so long excavated, and the ore of which he has expanded until it is reduced to the highest possible state of tenuity, is at last exhausted. Had he adopted the same course which Weber followed—had he, instead of squandering, in the very wantonness of extravagance, the rich patrimony which nature had given him, replenished his stores and refreshed his invention by study and thought, his success might not have been so electrifying, but it would have been more lasting, and at the present moment, instead of finding his resources abated, they would, perhaps, have been inexhaustible; instead of being the *facile princeps* of his own style, leaving so many tracks uncultivated, he might have been the successful rival of almost every great master in his own department; finally, instead of being merely great in his generation, which we fear he is, with posterity, we venture to say, he would be still greater.

If Weber struck out a new path any where, it was in modulation, and in this respect he is eminently distinguished above the imitators of Mozart and Rossini, who are content to pursue the even tenor of their way, availing themselves of the identical route which they had travelled with so much greater advantage, and who have consequently done nothing to extend the boundaries of their art. The melody of Weber is characterized by a total freedom from all restraint. It is bold, striking, and diversified; so much so, indeed, that he has sometimes been accused of having wandered too far from the beaten track. For ourselves, we think that this is the very quality which throws around his music the inspiring freshness which constitutes its greatest charm. Weber no doubt felt, that, in this age of imitation, we were wearied to death with the monotony of the many, and that it was absolutely necessary that our jaded appetites should be regaled with something a little more piquant and *recherché*. If we look back a few years

in the annals of music, we behold the art of melody regulated entirely by the dictates of theorists, who laid down its laws *ex cathedra*, and appointed the course in which it was to run. But the genius of Haydn arose, and taught musicians the great truth, that melody knew no bounds but those which nature had set up, and that the true criterion of accuracy was to be found not in its correspondence with certain factitious systems, but in its effects upon the ear; that music, in short, instead of being, as of old, a prisoner of the schools along with arithmetic and geometry, belonged entirely to the regions of sound, where it merely consisted, as he quaintly expressed it, of the study and apprehension of "what was good, what was better, what was bad." The old moulds of the contra-puntists were now broken, and their system gradually wore out. Composers henceforth wrote in utter defiance of antiquated fashions and prejudices, and the improvements which took place in the art were like those which ensued on the introduction of the modern style of gardening. The parallel and rectangular walks, the interminable avenues, and the formal rows of clipped hedges, vanished; and in lieu of them the face of nature was decked in her most artless and picturesque array. With regard to the melody of Weber, it may be said to be laid out in the most captivating and beautiful variety, at one time resembling a rich and luxuriant garden, at another a tangled wilderness,—now opening to us, in Oberon, glimpses of fairy land, or surrounding us with the associations of the east,—now suddenly recalling us to the darker sources of northern superstition, and

"Wonders wild of Arabesque combined
With Gothic imagery of darker shade."

Like Salvator, he gloried in delineating the wild and savage aspects of nature, and in wandering, like Beethoven, in her sullen and more gloomy recesses. The romantic turn of his mind, inspired by his early studies, rendered the wild legend of the Freyschutz, perhaps, the most suitable subject on which he could have employed his talents. In depicting, or rather in aggravating the horrors of the wolf's glen, with its fearful omens, and all its unearthly sights and sounds, in painting the grief and despair of his hero and the gloomy demoniacal spirit of the lost and abandoned Casper, he found full scope for his peculiar talent. Were we to compare him with any of our romance writers we would say that he possessed, though mingled with and controlled by a finer taste and far greater discretion, a congeniality of soul with Monk Lewis, or Mrs. Radcliff; and rich as the dramatic literature of his country is in tales of superstition and diablerie, we think it is to be regretted that he did not, at least, furnish us with another romantic opera from that prolific source. His forte certainly lay in the treatment of this description of subjects.

To have formed a full and complete estimate of Weber's talent as a composer, it would have been necessary to have entered into a minute analysis of his works; but our readers must be aware that to have done so would of itself have exhausted all the space which we have devoted to this article. We have accordingly been obliged to confine ourselves to a brief and general survey of some of those more prominent traits which appear to us in an especial manner to have contributed to his exalted reputation. We rise from the task as much impressed with the sterling worth of his musical compositions as with the excellence of his private character. Both were masculine and nervous, disdaining trick and hating all vulgar appeals to popularity. As an artist and a man, Weber reposed in the consciousness of his own strength and a confidence that in due time his

merits would be appreciated by those whose approbation alone he was anxious to obtain. Although a national composer, in so far as he followed up the course in which his compatriots have so nobly set the example, the great success of his productions in other countries, particularly in our own, sufficiently attests their universal character, and leads us to hope, that, like the works of all truly great and inspired genius, they will form the delight of future ages as they have done of this, and obtain a hearing when the more ephemeral productions of the day are forgotten.

MUSICAL REMINISCENCES.

BY THE EARL OF MOUNT EDGUMBE.

THE noble author does not mention Mad. Fodor in encomiastic terms: "Her voice had sweetness, but she injured and confined it by not opening her mouth, and by singing through her teeth." Of the elder Crivelli he speaks highly; and of Ambrogetti says, "He was indeed deservedly liked, for he was an excellent actor, with a natural vein of humor peculiarly his own." . . . "He acted extremely well, and in a manner too horribly true to nature, in the part of the mad father, in Paer's beautiful opera of *Agnese*; while that of the daughter was delightfully sung by Camporese." Of the latter it is justly remarked, that her talent is of a high order:—

"It was not till her first arrival in this country that she ever appeared on the stage. . . . Of her voice and manner it may be said, that the former, if not of the very finest quality, is extremely agreeable, of sufficient power and compass, and capable of considerable agility; and of the latter, that it is regulated by good taste, and is full of feeling and expression."

Speaking of our English music, Lord Mount Edgumbe proves that his taste is not under the control of fashion. Of our church music he remarks—

"In another style I think we greatly excel, namely, in our church music. I have always been very fond of that of our cathedrals, which is truly solemn and elevating, and better suited to aid devotion than any other that I know. That of the Italians is in general too light and operatic (I except that of the Pope's chapel;) and in all Roman Catholic countries the introduction of an orchestra of stringed instruments greatly takes away from the solemnity of the performance. The full swelling tones of the sublime organ should alone be heard, as in ours. With that sole accompaniment, our English services, well performed, are to me of the finest description."

Of our truly national music, Glees, the noble critic thus impartially, and free from the prejudices of too many of the *habitués* of the opera, thus expresses himself:—

"There is another species of composition more peculiarly our own, and which I should call our only national music; I mean our glees, which differ from anything I ever heard, and in their style cannot be excelled. Their harmony is so full, rich, and melodious, when executed, as they long were by the Messrs. Knyvett and the other performers accustomed to sing them together, that they completely gratify the ear; and he must be indeed fastidious, or greatly prejudiced, who cannot receive pleasure from their performance. I do not know of any female singer at present who has exclusively devoted herself to this kind of music, but there have been several; and none who do not keep solely to it can execute them with equal propriety. If the leading voice permits itself to wander from the strict melody of the

air, in order to show graces or agility, as is too frequently the case when singers accustomed to other styles are called in, the effect is injured instead of being improved, as the great beauty of those compositions is derived from the complete union and equality of all the voices, none preponderating, and from the simplicity of their execution. They then produce the effect of full chords struck on a finely-toned organ."

In a supplement to the first edition, the noble writer mentions various singers who appeared from the year 1824 to 1828; does justice to the powers of Mesdames Ronzi, Pasta, and Vestris; speaks in high terms of Madame Caradori, and of Signor Velluti, admitting that the voice of the latter was not agreeable. But a mistake occurs here; Velluti did not chuse the fine opera *Il Crociato in Egitto* for his *débüt*; on the contrary, he made a great struggle to be allowed to appear in the feeble work of Morlacchi, *Tebaldo e Isolina*; but the director, knowing the unfitness of the latter opera for the occasion, peremptorily refused to consent to its performance. This was produced the following year, and completely failed.

Lord Mount Edgumbe points out most distinctly, and in very forcible terms, the bad system now prevailing in the management of the King's Theatre, by which the performances are deteriorated, while the subscriptions are exorbitantly high. "The whole system," it is most truly stated, "is radically bad; and nothing can restore the opera in this country to its former respectable and agreeable footing, or the performances to that excellence which a public paying so dearly has a right to expect, but a total reformation, an entire change of proprietors, of managers, of all parties connected with the theatre,—I had almost said, hampered and embarrassed as it is, of the theatre itself."

The author who has a perfect recollection of the famous commemoration of Handel half a century ago, in a second supplement enters into a full account of the Royal Festival in Westminster Abbey last summer. We are glad to perceive that our opinion of those performances, of the preparations for them, and the manner in which they were managed, is, in nearly every particular, corroborated by so unbiassed and able a judge. The noble earl humorously remarks on the pains taken to render the conductor of these conspicuous to the company, "by an opening left in the centre of the front seat, for no imaginable reason but to exhibit the conductor's back to all the auditors." He is not less pointed on the introduction of the foreign system of conducting, by some one with a *baton* superseding in this important duty the leader; nor does he overlook the failure on the late occasion, in those great effects, by which every one was so powerfully struck at the first commemoration.

Lord Mount Edgumbe loudly laments, and with reason, the want of such a singer as Madame Mara, at this festival; but, at the same time, shows that he is not insensible to the merits of living performers. Of one of them he thus speaks:—

"I shall depart from the usual courtesy of giving precedence to the ladies, and begin my enumeration with one who was decidedly the most prominent amongst the vocalists. I mean Mr. Braham, who on this occasion surpassed himself, and whose performance was really quite surprising. He has long been at the head of his profession as an English singer, so long that it is marvellous he can be so still. He is now far advanced in life, and it is almost beyond my recollection when I first heard him sing as a boy. Yet he retains in their full extent all his powers, without diminution or decay. His voice is just what it was in his prime; it is become neither weak, nor husky, nor tremu-

lous, but filled with its volume all the vast space with the finest effect. His singing too was most excellent. In my first account of him I gave him credit for the ability always to sing well, and lamented his occasional deviations from a good style. No such fault could now be found. He now sung with the most perfect taste and judgment throughout. Nothing in particular could be finer than his delivery of the very beautiful recitative in Jephthah, "Deeper and deeper still," as also of that which opens the Messiah, "Comfort ye my people."

The noble critic then mentions, in flattering terms, Mesdames Caradori and Stockhausen; and notices, with a polite sneer, the absurdity of having had "fifteen other female principals, the names of most of whom were never heard of before, and very few are likely to be heard of again." He exposes the impropriety of introducing the *corps de l'opéra*, "not as a *bonne bouche*, but as a sort of *hors d'œuvres*, which might have been very well spared."

But here we must conclude. The work we have thus noticed is so interesting throughout, is written in so easy, gentlemanlike, appropriate a style, that had we indulged our own inclination, we should have extracted half its contents, for a more lively and instructive volume, or better criticisms, never yet appeared on the subject of music.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF MUSIC IN VIENNA, AND OF THE CONSERVATOIRE CONNECTED WITH IT.

In the year 1811, the Society of the Friends of Music of the Austrian Empire was established in Vienna, not only for the performance of music, but principally with a view to the advancement of the art generally, and more particularly the musical education of youth.

The Society is always under the patronage of a prince of the reigning house; and its affairs are conducted by the president, secretary, and a double committee. The members are, the actual performers, individuals supporting the institution with their countenance and assistance, and the honorary members.

The present patron is His Imperial Highness Archduke Anton. President (*vacant*); Vice-President, Aulic Councillor Raphael George Kiesewetter; Secretaries, Councillor of Justice Sonnenleitner, and Johan Baptist Jenger; Managing Committee, twelve members; Representative body, fifteen members. The total number of members is 915; and among them are to be found, besides the names of the princes of the house, who are all supporting members, others of great celebrity, viz., Kiesewetter, Gyrowetz, Pechaczek, Weigl, Seyfried, Eybler, Miari, Czerny, Stift, Grillparzer, Artaria, Rochlitz, Hummel, Cherubini, Lesueur, Rossini, Spohr, Boieldieu, Fétis, &c.

The handsome newly-erected building and a valuable collection, constitute the whole wealth of the Society; and all the expenses are defrayed out of the annual subscriptions, donations, &c.

Object of the Society and method of obtaining it.—The principal object of the Society is the advancement of music; personal performance and enjoyment are secondary objects.

Much has already been effected by the persevering activity which has been manifested, and the sphere of action of the Society becomes more and more extended from year to year. The Conservatoire, the musical performances, the

collections of all kinds, and the feature of affording pecuniary assistance to needy musicians, deserve particular notice.

The Conservatoire.—The establishment of an institution for musical instruction was an original feature in the plan of the Society, but this design was not accomplished till the year 1816. The importance of this music-school will be obvious when it is known that, besides the superiors and inspectors, it employs sixteen teachers of music, and there are upwards of two hundred children instructed free of expense, in Italian, declamation, singing, performing on various instruments, in thorough bass and composition.

The Conservatoire has already produced several singers and instrumental virtuosi of great celebrity.

Musical Performances.—These are of three kinds;—the annual probationary concert of the pupils of the Conservatoire, to which the admission is free to the public; the usual winter concerts, and grand oratorios and cantatas. The winter concerts, four of which are given in the season, are very similar to all concerts in great towns; the music, however, is mostly exclusively classical, and a symphony of Beethoven is generally given at the commencement and at the conclusion of every concert; and, as might be expected from the co-operation of upwards of two hundred musicians who have been in the habit of playing together for years, the performances are remarkable for the correctness and precision of their execution.

On extraordinary occasions, also, oratorios and cantatas are performed, the orchestra and choruses alone usually consisting of more than four hundred individuals.

The Collection.—The Society possesses a very rich treasure of music, musical instruments, books on music, specimens of early publications and manuscripts. The first step towards the accumulation of this store was the purchase of already existing collections, which have been very considerably enlarged by subsequent additions and presents from the members, and which is still constantly increasing. By such purchases the Society acquired the musical library of Ernst Ludwig Gerber, Gloggl's museum, and a collection of sixty-two portraits in oil, of celebrated musicians.

The most valuable presents which the Society has received, are Sarti's Collection of all the Russian National Songs, never published, and a collection of scores of Russian church music, from the Grand-duchess Maria of Saxe Weimar; Haydn's Ten Commandments in his own handwriting, from M. Von Grisinger; a considerable number of specimens of printed music, of the 16th and 17th centuries, preserved in a church at Lubeck, presented by that city; a collection of one hundred and fifty portraits from Johan Baptist Geisler;—and the whole of the musical collection of its first patron the Archduke Rudolph, in Ollmatz, bequeathed by will to the Society.

A rich source for the continual increase of the collection of books and music was established by a decree of the government, that of every printed or lithographed piece of music, or book relating to music, which should be published in the empire, a copy should be presented to this Society. The collection has thus already increased to such an extent that a similar treasure is probably not to be met with in any other institution of the kind.

The library, properly so called, contains nearly thirteen hundred complete musical works, and every thing is here collected which has been written on music in the old and present times. Certainly, there is no musical library equal to it in all Germany. Among the rare and valuable works to be found here, are Gerber's Lexicon, with the supplement in the author's handwriting,—*Institutiones Harmonicæ*, by Zarlino,—*Harmonia Universalis*, by Mersenne,—

Dodecachordon, by Glarianus;—and above all, a *fac simile* of the celebrated Antiphonarium of Pope Gregory the Great. The collection of music is naturally very important, and comprises the practical works (more than eight thousand in number) of all the distinguished composers from the olden times up to the present day.

The scores of the important works embrace, without any considerable chasms, all ages, and all celebrated masters, and amount to upwards of sixteen hundred; those of Palestrina, Sebastian Bach, Handel, the brothers Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, being perfect, and occupying entire presses.

The imperial dominions—and particularly Bohemia and Austria—had always a great number of distinguished artists, and more especially of celebrated musicians and composers. In Bohemia, a Lexicon, by Dlabacz, appeared, in order to preserve a grateful recollection of its artists; but for the Austrian composers nothing similar existed, and nowhere was any information accessible respecting their lives and productions. The Society now resolved to supply this deficiency, and in the year 1826 a very earnest request was made, not only to all the living composers, but also to the public at large, to collect and forward to the Society the most accurate information to be obtained regarding the lives and works of the Austrian musicians and composers. This appeal was attended with the most successful results, for the Society is already in possession of more than two hundred biographies of celebrated composers and musicians, and the number is rapidly increasing. One important source of information which stands at the command of the committee, is the access which is afforded to the collected autographs and MSS. of almost all the composers of the country.

A special committee was also appointed to carry into effect the proposal to collect the portraits of individuals of eminence, either as practical musicians or as composers. This collection, comprising splendid paintings as well as simple wood-cuts, commenced with the acquisition of Gerber's library, and Geisler's portfolio; and a point of great interest connected with it is, that we here find likenesses of the greatest masters taken at different periods of their lives; thus, for instance, the spectator may contemplate the features of Mozart, in childhood, youth, and manhood.

The collection of instruments, or as it is designated, the "Museum of the Society," though not sufficiently important and full to yield any satisfactory information respecting the original rude construction and subsequent progressive improvement of any musical instrument, contains nevertheless many valuable specimens; the Lintz museum was the first purchase, and shortly afterwards it was enriched by the contributions of the celebrated orientalist Hammer.

Assistance out of the Funds.—It appears from the rules of the Society, that one of its important features is to support talent,—by rewards to such pupils as distinguish themselves,—by assistance to reduced musicians and composers,—and by the proposal of prize subjects.

The distribution of the rewards to the best pupils takes place annually at the public probationary concert, when silver medals or valuable musical works are presented as acknowledgments of past application and perseverance, and encouragement to further study.

Remuneration for their productions has also been hitherto made to composers in bad circumstances, and assistance afforded to the incipient artist, as liberally as the circumstances of the Society would allow.

On the other hand, up to the present time, no prize subjects have been proposed.

SACRED SONG.—MUSICAL REVOLUTION IN SWITZERLAND.

THE susceptibility of strong mental impressions from music is one of the natural faculties with which our Creator has endowed us. Is there not reason to fear that its importance is not sufficiently appreciated, and its powers not sufficiently called forth? The early history of all nations presents instances of its wondrous efficacy. Witness the first periods of Greece, Britain, and Scandinavia, and the national songs of Tyrtæus, whom Plato apostrophises as *the divine poet, wise and good*. Aristotle, though often disposed to contest his master's doctrines, concurs with him here, in attributing to music a great *moral* power. By divine institution, sacred song, of which we have the inspired remains in the Book of Psalms and other parts of the Old Testament, formed almost the only *social* worship of the Hebrew temple.

At the Reformation this grand instrument of emotion was not entirely overlooked. Unhappily, in England and Scotland, either it was not put into action, or the attempt was ill-conducted and abortive. In France, for a time it produced great effects; of which some interesting notices are given in the delightful compilations of a pious and talented lady, lately given to our country, "*The Life of Olympia Fulvia Morata*." But the counteraction and destruction of the Reformation in France brought down what remained to them of national song to the wretched state of *chansons* and *chansonnettes*, the best of which were mere conceits, often tame and silly, and the generality of an immoral character; and, by a just judgment, the music became worthy of the song, it was *screaming by notes*.

In Germany, the music took a better course. The German tribes had been always addicted to music of great pathos and compass; and their language, unpolished as it was, by its copiousness, flexibility, and strength, gave them a great advantage over the French. Luther had ear, science, and execution. While by his version of the Bible, every line of which bears witness to his euphonic taste and judgment, he stamped the language with classical dignity, his hymns and his music, powerfully seconded by other and superior poets, poured the stream of sacred melody through the land. No country can pretend to vie with Germany in the richness of its religious music. Its stock of hymns, beginning with the age of the Hussites, but of which few are even now obsolete; is moderately stated at *seventy thousand*: a late writer in the *Archives du Christianisme* (June 28, p. 95,) estimates them at *more than eighty thousand*. Great Britain can scarcely pretend to the twentieth part of this number! This astonishing amount of the German hymnology is characterized by a decided strain (very few indeed are the exceptions) of evangelical sentiment and experimental piety, their versification is most mellifluous, and their tone full of tenderness and power. It is a popular treasure of doctrine and practice; and it has been a grand means of keeping the flame of religion glowing on the cottage-hearths of the peasantry, in many happy instances, when a spurious gospel had taken possession of the churches.

The band of devoted men in France and Switzerland, who are "laboring so much in the Lord," have not forgotten this department. In both those countries, vigorous efforts have been lately made for the restoring, or to speak more properly the creating, of a French national psalmody. Among these, a distinguished praise is due to Dr. Malan. Many new psalms and hymns have been produced, possessing excellence of both poetry and piety; and suitable melodies have been composed. Besides Dr. Malan's vol-

ume, the Paris *Croix de Cantiques* has arrived at a third edition; and a large volume, beautifully printed, with the musical notes, has been this year published in that city, with the title *Chants Chrétiens*. Some articles, peculiarly valuable as to both science and Christian spirit, have appeared on this subject in the *Archives* and the *Sémur*.

That these are among the means by which "the Lord whom we seek is preparing his way, and coming to his temple," is a persuasion which seems to be powerfully confirmed by a most remarkable phenomenon, which is now operating on a grand scale in the Canton of Vaud, and of which we have a large narrative in the *Sémur* of July 16. We shall endeavor to extract the essence, by selecting and abridging.

In the south-west of Switzerland a *Musical Revolution* is rapidly taking effect. Its watch-word is *Harmony*; its object is to give a new direction to popular singing; and its means may be found wherever there are persons willing to take a little pains, and who can find a leader to give them a little instruction, and to guide their voices in singing the charms of their country and the praises of their God. Long was it thought that French Switzerland could not march with the German cantons in vocal music. Long has the lake of Geneva heard little along its shores but coarse, vulgar, and obscene ballads. Lately, the students of Geneva and Lausanne have labored to counteract this evil, by composing patriotic songs, and endeavoring to give them popular circulation. The effort has been happily successful, but within a small circle. The *religious awakening* which is making daily progress in Switzerland, has had great effect in improving the national singing. New methods have been adopted in many schools to train the children to the execution of hymns with a fine and simple harmony; and the effects have been so far pleasing. But something was wanted to reach the mass of the people; and that, the kindness of Providence has supplied.

About two years ago, M. Kaupert, a Saxon gentleman, who has long resided at Morges, proposed to teach gratuitously the whole population of young and willing persons in any village or small town, to sing together. The rumor attracted considerable attention, and drew forth a variety of opinions. But soon his promises were realized, and all scepticism was silenced. At Morges and in the neighboring villages, concerts of the voice alone were heard, producing such a noble and simple harmony as no person in the whole country had before the least idea of. He was induced to extend his benevolent labors. He electrified, as it were, the whole side of the Lake down to Geneva. Everywhere, the *Magician of Song* was followed by crowds. The moral effect of this is beyond calculation: already the result, in this respect, excites astonishment.

M. Kaupert commonly began in schools and other large rooms. Persons of all ages and of every rank in society flocked to these meetings. It was soon necessary to ask for the use of the churches: and sometimes large assemblies have been held in the open air. In the former places, hymns are sung; and in the latter songs, patriotic or descriptive, but all free from any immoral taint.

His plan is to trace, in a simple and clear manner, upon a large black board, the notes of each lesson; and he furnishes each one of his pupils with a card or paper, containing what he judges fit for each step of instruction. He usually succeeds in ten lectures to qualify these vast masses to execute the simple and touching hymn or song, in parts and full concert, enrapturing all who witness the scene.

In the introductory lectures, he strongly affects the imagination and the sensibility of his hearers, by his descriptions

of the powers and the intention of music, to breathe noble and generous sentiments, to harmonize the minds and hearts of men, to honor our country, to excite admiration of the works of God, and, as the highest point of all, to show forth his praises. These large assemblages follow his instructions, and catch his manner of execution with an enthusiasm perfectly astonishing. His kind manner and untiring patience have a great share in producing the effects which so surprise us.

The great and learned city of Geneva invited the musical philanthropist to visit and charm its population. Some of the higher classes became alarmed; but, in the result, they too were carried down the stream. Pastors, professors, magistrates, ladies of the first rank, persons the most distinguished for learning and science, were seen side by side with children and poor people, listening and learning from M. Kaupert. When the grand meeting took place, no church could receive the multitude, and they repaired to the Plein Palais, in number four thousand singers. Here, however, the success did not answer expectation: the wind acted unfavorably upon the vibrations of the air, and perhaps the distance of the extremes made it impossible to keep time. But M. Kaupert was loaded with expressions of admiration and thanks, and a medal was struck in honor of him; a mark of respect which, in Switzerland, is never conferred but upon what is judged to be in the highest order of merit.

At Lausanne, his instructions were sought with universal avidity. Many, who had been accustomed to spend their evenings in dissipation, began to employ them entirely in learning the new style of music. Children and their parents, all the schools, the professors and students of the college, servants and mistresses, workmen and masters, persons who had been the most opposed to each other in religion and politics, the inhabitants of different villages distinguished by banners,—all were attracted, all seemed to be of one heart and soul. When the previous training was complete, a day was fixed for the grand concert. More than two thousand singers were arranged in the great church, the noblest Gothic building in Switzerland: the flags of villages and societies were tastefully arranged on an ivy-clad tower: the vast multitude who came to hear were disposed within and without: and then was sung a hymn and its air of Luther's composing—simple, grave, noble. But, O the effect!—no words can utter it!—The impressions will never be forgotten. Other hymns were sung; and a most touching patriotic song, the words of which we owe to M. Olivier, named *La Patrie*, "Our country, Helvetia! Helvetia!"

The happy fruits of this *musical revolution* show themselves almost everywhere. The people in the different places keep up their singing-meetings. In the summer evenings they are seen in the churchyard or on the village-green. In the streets and on the roads, the ear of the passenger is met by the sweet sounds. In these groups we perceive some failures of execution, compared with the fine style when led by M. Kaupert: but attention and practice will remedy them.

Christians of Great Britain, what say ye to this narrative? Cannot you go and do likewise? Cannot you thus draw thousands from the beer-shop and the gin-shop, and the corrupting intercourse of idleness?—Ye men of Manchester and Birmingham, of Sheffield and Leeds, and of every other place:—open your chapels for this grand experiment. Surely you have good and able men among you, who possess the talent and benevolence to effectuate this object. Why should you not begin with some stanzas

of our fine national melody, *God save the King*? And are there not other old English songs, not religious, but innocent in sentiment and striking in words and music? And may not these, under your judicious guidance, prepare the way for singing the songs of Zion, thus diffusing the Gospel, affecting the heart, attracting the wanderer, and improving our congregational psalmody?—I trust that this appeal will not be in vain. This instrument of good has never, in our country, been sufficiently tried. A very able writer in the *Penny Magazine* has lately been endeavoring to arouse our most unmusical nation, and to create some sort of British National Music. But with all his knowledge and discernment, he rests his hopes on instrumental music, thinking that the vocal cannot be cultivated and sustained without that aid. He has no idea of M. Kaupert's grand and simple method.—*Evangelical Magazine*.

From "A Word or Two on the Flute."—By W. N. JAMES.

MR. NICHOLSON.

IN speaking of the abilities of the many eminent professors on the German flute at the present day, I feel it my duty to state, that I am actuated by no personal motives, either of partiality or prejudice. If I prefer the style of one performer to that of another, it is not because I wish to believe it the best; but that my feelings and sympathy are irresistibly compelled to confess and admit it whether I will or not. My views, however, are not necessarily correct. Indeed, it is with the most humble deference that I make them known, seeing that they differ most essentially from those which the public have uniformly sanctioned and applauded. As, however, I speak only of those who have arrived at great eminence in their art, I am the less likely (and still less should I be willing) to throw a single shadow on their well-earned and brilliant reputation. On the other hand, little value, I presume, would be allotted to the opinions of a writer who would lavish, on each performer, indiscriminate praise, or who would circulate praise, merely because it has been re-echoed for the ten thousandth time. It is equally binding, however, on the part of the writer, that he have good and efficient cause for dissenting from the opinions of the multitude; and if he does not discover anything radically erroneous and defective, either in conception or execution, he has little right to deviate from the path which has been deemed correct by so many voices. With these truths before me, and with a perfect conviction of their importance, I shall give my opinions, bearing in mind the well-known counsel of Shakespeare,

"——— Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

With regard to Mr. Nicholson, his talents and genius have deservedly ranked him among the very first players on the flute in Europe; and if I shall, by and bye, speak disparagingly of his means of execution, it will not be for the purpose of depreciating his general skill, but only in that particular department. However his style and execution may be censured, no arguments can withstand the fact, that he is the most *effective* player who ever performed on the instrument. His compositions are completely distinct, and quite another matter. I shall speak of them separately.

The tone which Mr. Nicholson produces on the flute, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary thing that he does. It is not only clear, metallic, and brilliant, but it possesses a volume that is almost incredible; and this, too, be it observed, in the very lowest notes of the instrument. The similarity between his tone and that of an organ is very

striking; and the amazing command which this, of itself, gives him over his instrument is astonishing. He is also, perhaps, better acquainted with the delicacies of the instrument than any other performer. The harmonics and the glide he executes to admiration; but these beauties can only be properly appreciated by those who know their difficulty, and who have heard him most. It is, however, much to be wished that his introduction of them were more sparing; they would then be more effective, because the ear would not be surfeited with their frequent repetition. In the lower notes of the flute, in grand and majestic movements, Mr. Nicholson is superior to any man; and this it is which gives him his pre-eminence. No performer displays so much contrast, or more acuteness, in giving the various gradations of light and shade. His command over the instrument is wonderful. It is not merely mechanical, for his dexterity evinces much mature judgment. With an amazingly rapid finger, he has reduced all difficult and complex passages to the most familiar execution. His shakes are, in general, regular, brilliant, and effective, and possess the rare quality (which is not the least of their beauties) of being perfectly in tune. Perhaps the very best thing which Mr. Nicholson effects on his instrument, is the chromatic ascension of the scale. It is a complete rush, like the torrent of a waterfall; and, to the ear, is almost overwhelming and irresistible. His *adagios* are full of fervor and feeling, and are infinitely superior to his rapid movements; and this is, perhaps, according him the highest possible praise,—for the truest test of a performer's talent is in a slow movement. A man, with mechanical art, may please and astonish in an allegro; but it is only the true musician who can embody and portray the delicacies and minute meaning and motives of every note in an adagio. The one displays the skill of the mechanic, the other the soul of the musician.

On looking over what I have written of Mr. Nicholson, it would almost appear that I have enumerated and conceded to his performance every merit which it is possible for music to possess. It must be confessed, that I have not been at all niggard in my praise; but I shall forthwith attempt to point out a few defects which strike me to bear much weight in the opposite scale. His execution of rapid staccato passages is uniformly double tongued, which I have endeavored to show elsewhere is an erroneous principle. That Mr. Nicholson's is the most perfect specimen of this articulation, is a truth which every one will readily grant; but still this does not alter the principle, which is radically defective; nor is it a great palliation for a faulty system to say that it is done excellently. It might be contended, and I know it has been often contested, that if this system were exploded, no other could be found to execute rapid passages with equal ease and facility. But this, as Yorrick says, "I deny." The system of M. Drouët, though infinitely of more difficult attainment, is, when familiar, as susceptible of rapidity as the system of double tongue; and who, that has ever heard the almost miraculous rapidity of Drouët, and observed the ease with which he performed, will, for a moment, doubt it?

Another defect of Mr. Nicholson is his perpetual use of embellishment. His cadences are oftentimes thrice as long as the original subject; and though they are by themselves extremely beautiful, as capriccios, yet it is not the purest taste which can always stoop to use them. I have often heard him even make the subject a secondary consideration, for the purpose of displaying ingenuity in a lengthened cadence: the shake, too, at the close has been as long as the cadence. This fatigues and offends the ear; not to

speak of the violation of common sense, or of the Gothic character of the taste which could dictate it. It is not, however, in cadences where embellishment is the most offensive; it is in those subjects where majestic grandeur, and deep and genuine pathos are to be portrayed, that this frippery of ornament is the most to be deprecated. In this Mr. Nicholson is not altogether free: he is perpetually using appoggiaturas, which are completely superfluous, instead of relying on his own good feeling, to render effective the simple notes which are written. This, together with his double tonguing passages, and too frequent use of the glide, has tended greatly to deteriorate his general style of playing; and, among the fastidious and refined, it is not considered as a model of pure taste or judicious judgment.

But, notwithstanding these blemishes, which are certainly of great importance, it is not a little singular that Mr. Nicholson, in a large concert-room, is pre-eminently superior to any other performer; and this arises from the perfection which he possesses in tone, expression, and masterly conception of his subject. In these he is inferior to no one; nor could any have excelled him, in point of style and mode of execution, had he had the benefit of the same refined school of tuition. His faults arise not from any defect of good and genuine feeling, but from the want of a classical school to direct his taste and judgment. If we take into consideration the vulgar style of music, written for the flute in England not a great many years since, and of the consequent scarcity of good masters for teaching it, our surprise ought not to be that Mr. Nicholson is not altogether free of them, but that he should, in point of effect, have surpassed every other performer who possessed the advantage of classical music, and the most experienced musicians as masters.

The compositions of Mr. Nicholson are very numerous. I shall take no notice of the greater part of them, as it would have been better for his fame had they never been written. As a composer, Mr. Nicholson is far inferior to many others of the present day. His works, indeed, do not aim at any thing very masterly; yet it is easy to perceive the strong perception of the beautiful which pervade most of them. He has written no trios, and few duets,—a species of composition which might be considered as the highest for this instrument. His works are confined to variations on beautiful airs, with a pianoforte accompaniment; and which, notwithstanding the mannerism that distinguish most of them, have always been popular. There are a few of these airs so finely varied, that I should be doing him great injustice were I to pass them over in silence. The first, third, and last variations on the "Blue Bells of Scotland" are admirably written, and are scarcely inferior to any compositions of the same nature. The air is nicely preserved throughout, and a delicacy and finish run through the whole of them, which plainly show the author was full of his subject. "O Dolce Conento" is also very finely varied; and the beautiful pianoforte accompaniment is not the least of its excellencies. The second, the adagio, and last variations, are much the best, and these are well calculated to display the smoothness, power, and pathos of the instrument. The only circumstance which lessens the beauty of this agreeable little piece, is the English translation of the music in the air. The four crotchets on the A in the second bar express well enough the words, "Away with melancholy;" but they are a very bad substitute for the original Italian, which has a syncopated minim in the place of two crotchets; bating this oversight, it is very effective.

The whole of Mr. Nicholson's Preceptive Lessons are excellent: and it is evident that he has paid great attention, and bestowed much time, in writing them. I am convinced, that few studies are in existence which will assist the pupil's progress more than these lessons. They have every advantage of being complex in their difficulties, and pleasant in their practice; and the illustrations have the very highest merit of being exceedingly simple and easy to be understood. Some of the movements are, moreover, very beautiful; and would, when played well, afford much pleasure as solos. I know not which to point out as being superior to the rest; but the pupil who is determined to attack and conquer difficulties will study the whole of them. For my own part, I am most partial to the eighth book, which treats of A four flats. It is not only good-practice, but the music, with the exception of the embellishments in "Cease your funning," is of a chaste and classical character.

The introduction to the second Pot Pourri is a charming piece; it has much meaning, and shows the power of the instrument better, perhaps, than any music that ever was written. The subject is withal brilliant, pleasing, and pathetic, and does the feeling of the composer much credit.

There is a Portuguese air, in two flats, to which Mr. Nicholson has written some admirable variations: it has also a pleasing accompaniment for the pianoforte.

If I were asked which of this composer's writings showed the most talent, I would say *this*; not, however, that it is very extraordinary in itself, but because it does, I think, show a better genius for composition than any of his other pieces. Every variation here is completely dissimilar from the rest; and yet each tells the air with much precision. There is here, too, a variety of tonguing and expression; and the passages display these qualities to much advantage. There is also another great recommendation attending it,—it is not written in the eternal one flat, and has the singular advantage of a beautiful running staccato passage, *a la Drouët*, for the fifth variation. I would advise the amateur to practise this agreeable piece until he can play every note of it by heart.

The "Fall of Paris" is a showy piece enough, but is full of mannerism, and is in the "one flat."

The same may be said of "My lodging is on the cold ground;" "Sul Margine d'un Rio," and about fifty others.

The latest published composition of Mr. Nicholson is his Appendix to the Preceptive Lessons, and is, in my opinion, by far the finest. Many of the pieces in this book make exquisite solos; and they are almost, without exception, well adapted for the study of the sterling beauties, as well as for the graceful and lighter qualities, of the instrument.

In taking leave of this gentleman, I am perfectly aware that he will be the first person to pardon the freedom and candor of any observations that I may have made, seeing that they are grounded in complete impartiality. Of this I am quite aware; and I am also sensible, that were my remarks made in a strain of sickening adulation, he would be likewise the first who would turn from them with incredulity and disgust.

No person who has ever heard him but will be irresistibly compelled to acknowledge the superiority of his talents; and however the fastidious may cavil at the mode of many of his practices, still it is not to be denied that he has overcome more obstacles, and obtained a greater perfection on his instrument, than any performer in Europe. He is now decidedly our first, almost our only, public concerto player on the flute; and, as such, I trust, he will continue to delight our ears for many succeeding seasons:—

"He has won his laurels well, and may he wear them long."

THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

WE presume that there are but few persons, conversant with foreign musical affairs, but what have heard of this very celebrated association. As the readers of the "Musical Journal" will, no doubt, be gratified with an account of this institution, we have compiled one from various materials in our possession, and from the information of persons resident in this city who are intimately acquainted with the state of the Society. We intend, in a future number, to give an account of another very celebrated society in the same metropolis, the *Concert of Ancient Music*.

The Philharmonic Society was established in 1813. Its formation reflects the highest honor on the very distinguished artists who projected it. It originally consisted of several of the most distinguished members of the musical profession in London. Among whom were to be found the names of Atwood, Bishop, Clementi, J. B. Cramer, F. Cramer, Salomon, Shield, Viotti, Yaniewicz, &c. &c. The object which these spirited individuals had in view was to create a taste in the public for the most noble productions of the art, but more particularly for the revival and encouragement of the highest class of instrumental music, which at that time had fallen into neglect, and whenever performed was so little understood and so badly executed, that it was upon the point of disappearing altogether. The high-minded men who, with the liberal spirit of true artists, associated themselves for the purpose of meliorating this state of things, had the gratification to witness their efforts crowned, as it were, at once with the most complete success,—a success which has not deserted the institution to the present day. A fundamental law of the Society is, that whatever profits may accrue from its concerts, shall be applied to the purposes for which the institution was formed, and shall under no circumstances be appropriated to the emolument of the members. The band engaged for the concerts is the best that can be procured; for, as the funds of the Society are in a very affluent condition, expense is no bar to the attainment of the greatest performers, whether residing in England or abroad. In its orchestra have been seen, at the same time, Viotti, Salomon, Spagnoletti, F. Cramer, Yaniewicz, Weichsel, Vaccari, Mori, Rosquellas, Dragonetti, Lindley, Shield, &c., besides many others the most eminent in the art. At its concerts the finest compositions are performed in a manner but rarely equalled in Europe, and they have excited a taste for the fine symphonies, overtures, quartets, &c., of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, &c., which will last so long as a real taste for music exists; and these authors have become more familiar to the lovers of music in the British metropolis, than perhaps to those in any other quarter of Europe.

The Society is composed of forty members, by whom seven directors are nominated. The duty of the latter is to regulate the expenses, to superintend the accounts of the treasurer, to engage artists for singing or playing the solo parts, and to draw up the programme of the concerts. These directors are changed at certain periods, and are nominated by a secret ballot. The members are admitted by ballot, after having been proposed in writing by three members at three successive meetings. The Society gives eight concerts in the season, to which there are six hundred and fifty subscribers (a number which, according to a standing order, is not to be exceeded) at the rate of four guineas for the eight concerts. Members pay a subscription of a guinea and a half only.

The concerts took place in the *Argyll Rooms*, until their destruction by fire. The principal room was in the form

of a parallelogram, and was capable of holding about 800 persons; it was very handsome and in every respect well arranged for concerts. It was surrounded by spacious saloons, in which the public used to promenade, and take tea during the interval between the two parts. Since the destruction of these rooms, the concerts have taken place in the Concert Room of the King's Theatre.

M. Fetis in his letters on the State of Music in London, published in the *Revue Musicale*, 1829, has one entirely devoted to an account of this Society. From this we give the following criticism on the performances of the Society, &c., with the notes of the London *Harmonicon* from which we take it.

"The part of the room occupied by the orchestra is in the form of an amphitheatre, as in the *Concerts Spirituel*, or at the *Conservatoire de Paris*; but this amphitheatre is of a much more sudden elevation, and more approaching the perpendicular. A semi-circular gallery contains a part of the performers, who are placed nearly above the heads of the rest. The arrangement appeared to me bad, in as far as it does not admit of the performer's hearing what passes below and above him. Add to this, that delicacy of execution appeared to suffer considerably thereby. Nor can I approve of the custom of stationing the leader of the orchestra facing the public, in the midst of the other violins, as is the case in the Philharmonic Concerts. It is impossible for the leader, in this situation, to see the performers, and direct them by his eye and action, as M. Habeneck, for instance, does so admirably in the concerts of the *Conservatoire de Paris*. Hence Messieurs F. Cramer and Loder, who alternately lead at the Philharmonic Concerts, are obliged to limit themselves simply to indicate the movements, and to play on their instrument during the whole of the concert, as simple violinists.* In order to have a view of the performers, and direct them properly, it is necessary for them to be continually turning as if upon a pivot, and to be incessantly raising and lowering the head, which must be as distressing to themselves, as it is unseemly to the audience.

There is another peculiarity which I must notice, and which, doubtless, will excite the astonishment of French musicians; and that is, the custom of placing all the basses in front of the orchestra, and lower down than the other instruments. Yet, though such an arrangement is in opposition to all acoustic principles, I cannot but acknowledge that its effect is much less disagreeable than might have been imagined, and that it did not in the least appear to affect the violins, or detract from their fulness of tone; this may, doubtless, be accounted for by their being stationed considerably higher.

An ancient usage is retained in the Philharmonic Concerts; I mean that of conductor at the piano, a kind of employ which is entrusted alternately to Sir George Smart, and Doctor Crotch.† In pieces for the voice, it may be readily conceived that the use of the piano may be good, as it assists the singer, particularly in the recitative; but in a symphony, in a rattling overture—for such are the greater part of modern compositions of this kind—the effect of this instrument is altogether negative, and ought to be so, in order not to spoil the whole; for were it possible to hear a

* Messrs. F. Cramer and Loder are only two out of several leaders, who fill this honorable post in turn. The others this year were, Messrs. Weichsel, Spagnoletti, and Mori.

† Sir George Smart and Dr. Crotch are only two out of several conductors who take the chair in turn: besides these, Messrs. Atwood, Bishop, J. B. Cramer, and Potter, officiated during the last season.

piano in the midst of the other instruments, the jarring peculiarity of its sound, of the introduction of which in his piece the author had never dreamt, would destroy the effect of the whole. It seems still more necessary to suppress the introduction of the piano into symphonies and overtures, inasmuch as I have noticed, that, in soft effects, the chords of this instrument from being prolonged when those of the orchestra had ceased, spoiled the unity of effect.*

At the first hearing of a symphony executed at the Philharmonic Concert, one is struck with the ensemble and energy of the performance, and obliged to acknowledge that an orchestra like this must everywhere be regarded as excellent. But when one has heard the concerts of the *Ecole Royale de Musique*, it is impossible not to draw comparisons between the two first musical establishments of Paris and London, which are not advantageous to the latter. The same ensemble, the same energy, are also conspicuous in the French orchestra; but, joined with it, there is a youthful vigor, a tact, and delicacy, which are sought in vain in the orchestra of London. You know by what fine gradations of light and shade the admirable orchestra of the Conservatoire has succeeded in exciting to the highest degree the enthusiasm of the audience: these finer shades are touched but in a very feeble manner by the musicians of the Philharmonic Concert, and it is very rarely that they possess what we term *chaleur*, a warmth of execution. Their exactness is irreproachable; their sensibility only moderate. But after all, as I before observed, it is only by instituting a comparison with the fine orchestra of the Conservatoire, that I have been led to make these critical remarks. Whoever has not heard the latter, will feel an unlimited satisfaction in listening to the Philharmonic Concert: in this I am borne out by the opinion of judges in every respect competent to form an opinion in matters of music; and particularly by that of M. Felix Mendelssohn, an amateur and distinguished composer of Berlin, who is at this moment in London.

Persons who have heard the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, in Germany, accuse our French musicians of playing their compositions too rapidly. This accusation deserves particularly to be taken into consideration with respect to the symphonies and overtures of Beethoven, the movements of which were so recently indicated by the author himself, as to form, as it were, a living tradition. I must, however, confess that it appears to me preferable to fall into the fault of the French orchestras, than to imitate the English, who make choice of movements so moderate, that anything like warmth and animation is impossible. They play too quick in France, and too slow in England.† This excess of slowness, which I had before remarked in their theatres, particularly struck me in the different pieces which I had occasion to hear at the fifth Philharmonic Concert, Monday, 27th April. The principal pieces performed were a symphony in C of Haydn, the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, the symphony in D (2nd) of Beethoven, and the overture to *Fidelio*, of the same composer. In all of these, it appeared to me that the movement

was too slow, which threw a coldness into the execution. Doubtless the character of a piece of music is altered, and the clearness of its details disturbed, by too great a quickening of the movement; but there is one advantage at least in this fault, which is, that weariness is never produced, the inevitable effect of too moderate a movement. The true method lies in judiciously steering clear of both these extremes.

With respect to details, after having stated the superiority of the French violins, I am obliged to allow that the same superiority exists in regard to the double-basses of the Philharmonic Concert. Without speaking of Dragonetti, whose extraordinary talent I shall have occasion to analyse elsewhere, I must acknowledge that all the double-basses of the London orchestra articulate with a precision, a minuteness, a delicacy, and a power, to which in Paris we are strangers. These excellent qualities have been produced by the school which Dragonetti has founded here. The artists who play the double-bass are, as you are aware, divided in our orchestras into two classes; the one composed of men full of energy and devoted to their art, such, for instance, as Messieurs Sorna, Chenié, Gelineck, and Lanny; the other, in which are ranged those who do nothing more than exactly fulfil their duty. The former, having to contend against the difficulties of a disadvantageous mode of tuning their instrument, and of an ill-constructed bow, can produce the desired effect only through dint of effort and fatigue; the others give themselves less trouble, and are content with executing the leading notes of the passages of the score, before them. Not so the double-basses of the Philharmonic Concert: these artists allow every thing to be heard, mark distinctly every part of their bowing, as well in legato as in detached passages; preserve all the shades of expression; strike the note with unerring precision, and seem to use no greater effort than if they were playing the violin or viola. There can be no doubt but that these advantages are derived from tuning the double-bass by fourths, and from the admirable manner of employing the bow introduced into England by the school of Dragonetti.

It is not my intention to speak in the present letter of the talent of each individual artist; I reserve these details for another occasion. I cannot, however, refrain from saying a word of the wind instruments of the Philharmonic Concert. The flute part, which is intrusted to Mr. Nicholson, leaves nothing to be wished for as far as purity of execution is concerned; there is more poetry in the performance of M. Tulou, but that orchestra is fortunate indeed which possesses talent like this. Mr. Willman fills the part of first clarinet: he is a very distinguished artist; I have had occasion to hear him frequently, and never did I hear an equivocal sound proceed from his instrument. With respect to the first oboë, I never heard a worse, and yet he is the best in London. Last year, the director of the Opera engaged M. Vogt, and this year the same administration engaged M. Barré, of Paris, pupil of the above; but the directors of the Philharmonic Concert engaged neither the one nor the other, apprehensive that, after their departure, not an oboë, good or bad, would be found in London. The different managers of the theatres and concerts ought to come to an understanding to retain a French oboë in London, for the players of this kind they at present possess are capable of spoiling the whole of their music. What I have to observe of the horns of the Philharmonic Concert is not more favorable. There is in this city an artist who possesses a very remarkable talent on the horn; he is an Italian, of the name of Puzzi. But the fortune which he has acquired

* We never yet were so unfortunate as to be present at a Philharmonic Concert when the conductor's fingers were so attached to the keys of the pianoforte that he could not bring himself to tear them away. M. Fétis, however, may allude to some other performances.

† It is generally thought that instrumental music is played much too quick in London. M. Salomon, who knew the time of Haydn's grand symphonies better than any other person, always declared that they, latterly, were much too rapidly performed. And it appears, from the life of Mozart just published at Leipzig, that this great composer complained of the hurried manner in which all his compositions were executed.

has placed him in a state of independence, and he has quitted the orchestra. Mr. Platt is first horn of the Society; there is no certainty in his execution, and he often spoils the finest effects. Not so the first trumpet, who is excellent, and of whom the orchestras of Paris might well envy the possession. The bassoons appeared very good; but they play too loud.*

The kettle-drums are played here with sticks both stronger and more fully rounded at the head, than those used in France; the effect produced appeared excellent; I particularly remarked this in the storm in Beethoven's pastoral symphony. I shall bring with me to Paris a pair of these drumsticks, in order to try the effect!

You will, therefore, see by my letter, that the execution of the Philharmonic Concert is of a mixed kind, with much that is good and not a little that is bad; but in general, it is very satisfactory; and it is but just to observe, that a country in which music has attained to such a grade in the scale of excellence, cannot fail in a short time to reach the highest degree of perfection. I have not spoken of the solos, because this subject will naturally be considered in the review I shall take of the talent of each individual artist. The same will be the case with respect to the singers."

To render our account of the Society more complete we give the programmes of the Concerts for the present season, which will show the character of the compositions performed.

FIRST CONCERT, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1835.

- ACT I.
- New Characteristic Sinfonia, (first time of performance,) SPOHR.
Aria, Madame Stockhausen, "Non mi dir," (*Il Don Giovanni*), MOZART.
Concerto Pianoforte, (No. 5.) Mr. Cramer, CRAMER, }
and the last movement, MOZART. }
Cantata, Mr. Braham "Napoleon's Midnight Review," THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.
Overture, *The Isles of Fingal*, composed for } F. MENDELSSOHN-BAR-
the Philharmonic Society, THOLDY.
- ACT II.
- Sinfonia in D, MOZART.
Motet, "Gloria in excelsis," W. HORSLEY, MUS. BAC. OXON.
Concerto Violin, Mr. Blagrove, MOLIQUE.
Duetto, Madame Stockhausen and Mr. Braham, "Fra gli amplessi," (*Così fan tutte*), MOZART.
Overture, *Egmont*, BEETHOVEN.
Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.—Conductor, Sir George Smart.

SECOND CONCERT, MONDAY, MARCH 9.

- ACT I.
- Sinfonia No. 7, BEETHOVEN.
Aria, (MS.) Miss Masson, "Non v'è più barbaro," STUNTZ.
Quartetto, in A, two violins, viola, violoncello, BEETHOVEN.
Messrs. Mori, Tolbecque, Moralt & Lindley,
Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, "Casta Diva," F. ELLINI.
(*Norma*), C. M. VON WEBER.
Overture, *Oberon*, C. M. VON WEBER.
- ACT II.
- Sinfonia, 5th Grand, HAYDN.
Air, Mr. E. Seguin, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," (*Creation*), HAYDN.
Introduction, and Air varié, bassoon, Mr. Baumann, BAUMANN.

* Puzzi is not engaged on account of his terms: but whoever hears Platt with unprejudiced ears, will admit that he is an excellent performer; M. Fétis' censure of him, therefore, is as undeserved as hasty.

The trumpet, Harper, is justly praised, and so is Mackintosh, the bassoon; but we never heard him play too loud, except when, in accompanying, the whole band did the same; a defect of which we have too often reason to complain. The fact is, that the tone of our English bassoon is fuller than that of any on the Continent. The French, German, and Italian instrument more resembles in quality of tone the oboé, to which it seems a natural base. This, perhaps, has led M. Fétis into what we cannot but consider an error.

- Terzetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Masson, and Mr. E. Seguin, "Corraggio or su," BEETHOVEN.
Fidelio,
Overture, *Ulysses and Circe*, B. ROMBERG.
Leader, Mr. Mori.—Conductor, Mr. Potter.

THIRD CONCERT, MONDAY, MARCH 23.

- ACT I.
- Sinfonia in C minor, BEETHOVEN.
Recit. ed Aria, Mr. Sapiro, "Ah perfida," BEETHOVEN.
Concerto in G minor, pianoforte, Mr. Moscheles, MOSCHELES.
Recit. ed Aria, M. ss Postans, "Se pietà nel col serbate," (*Gli Orazj e Curiazj*), CIMAROSA.
Overture, *Der Beherrscher der Geister*, C. M. VON WEBER.
- ACT II.
- Sinfonia in E flat, MOZART.
Aria, Miss Clara Novello, "Tu m'abandonni," SPOHR.
Sonata, violoncello e contra basso, Messrs Lindley and Dragonetti, CORELLI.
Recit. e Quartetto, Miss Clara Novello, Miss Postans, Mr. Sapiro and Mr. Giubilei, "Placido il mar," (*Idomeneo*), MOZART.
Overture, *Jessonda*, SPOHR.
Leader, Mr. Weichsel.—Conductor, Mr. T. Cooke.

FOURTH CONCERT, MONDAY, APRIL 6.

- ACT I.
- Sinfonia, (first time of performance,) MAURER.
Aria, Mr. Parry, Jr., "Il pensier," (*Orfeo*), HAYDN.
Concerto, violin, Mr. Mori, BEETHOVEN.
Aria, Mlle. Brambilla, "Elena, o tu ch'io chiamo," ROSSINI.
(*La Donna del Lago*)
Overture, *Leonora*, BEETHOVEN.

- ACT II.
- Sinfonia, *Jupiter*, MOZART.
Scena, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, "Ah un ombra di speranza," (*Pietro von Abano*), SPOHR.
Quintetto, clarinet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Willman, Loder, Watts, Moralt and Lindley, MOZART.
Terzetto, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Mlle. Brambilla & Mr. Parry, Jr., "Soave sia il vento," (*Così fan tutte*), MOZART.
Overture, *Euryanthe*, C. M. VON WEBER.
Leader, Mr. Loder.—Conductor, Mr. H. R. Bishop.

FIFTH CONCERT, MONDAY, APRIL 27.

- ACT I.
- Sinfonia in B flat, BEETHOVEN.
Aria, Signor Rubini, "O cara immagine," (*Die Zauberflöte*), MOZART.
Concerto, pianoforte, in A minor, Mr. Neate, HUMMEL.
Terzetto, Madlle. G. Grisi, Signor Rubini e Signor Lablache, "Ti parli l'amore," (*Otello*), ROSSINI.
Overture, MS., *Joan of Arc*, MOSCHELES.

- ACT II.
- Sinfonia No. 8, HAYDN.
Aria, Signor Lablache, "Và sbramando," (*Faust*), SPOHR.
Concertante, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, and double-bass, Messrs. Nicholson, G. Cooke, Willman, Mackintosh, Harper, and Dragonetti, CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.
Aria, Madlle. G. Grisi, "Tanti affetti," (*La Donna del Lago*), ROSSINI.
Overture, *Der Freischütz*, C. M. VON WEBER.
Leader, Mr. Mori.—Conductor, Mr. Moscheles.

SIXTH CONCERT, MONDAY, MAY 11.

- ACT I.
- Sinfonia Pastorale, BEETHOVEN.
Recit. ed Aria, Signor Tamburini, "Vedro mentre io sospiro," (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), MOZART.
Concerto in E flat, pianoforte, Mr. W. Bennett, BENNETT.
Duetto, Madame Fincklohr and Signor Tamburini, "Quel sepolchro," (*Agnese*), PAER.
Overture, *Anacreon*, CHERUBINI.

- ACT II.
- Sinfonia in G minor, MOZART.
Scena, Madame Stockhausen, "Si lo sento," (*Faust*), SPOHR.
Quartetto, No. 1. two violins, viola e violoncello, BEETHOVEN.
Messrs. Eliason, Watts, Moralt and Lindley,
Aria, Madame Fincklohr, "Bell raggio," (*Semiramide*), ROSSINI.
Overture, *Jubilee*, C. M. VON WEBER.
Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.—Conductor, Sir George Smart.

SEVENTH CONCERT, MONDAY, MAY 25.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in E flat, } SPOHR.
 Scena, Madame Caradori Allan, "Fern von ihm," C. M. VON WEBER.
 Fantasia Violoncello, M. Servais, principal violon- } SERVAIS.
 cello to the King of the Belgians,
 Scena, Mr. Phillips, "Stolto me!" *Faust*, } SPOHR.
 Overture, the Mid-summer's night's Dream,
 F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in D, } BEETHOVEN.
 Duetto, Madame Caradori Allan and M. Ivanhoff, } ROSSINI.
 "Tutto apprendi," *Guillaume Tell*,
 Concerto, Violin in B minor, M. De Beriot, } DE BERIOT.
 Aria, M. Ivanhoff, "Vioi tu," *Anna Bolena*, } DONIZETTI.
 Overture, *Fidelio*, } BEETHOVEN.
 Leader, Mr. Weichsel.—Conductor, Mr. H. R. Bishop.

EIGHTH CONCERT, MONDAY, JUNE 8.

ACT I.

Sinfonia Eroica, } BEETHOVEN.
 Duetto, Madlle. Grisi and Signor Rubini, "Fuggi } MOZART.
 Crudele," *Don Giovanni*.
 Double quartetto, 4 violins, 2 violas, and 2 violon- }
 cellos, Messrs. Mori, Tolbecque, Eliason, Watt } SPOHR.
 Moralt, Lyon, Lindley and Rousselot,
 Aria, Signor Rubini, "Di mia patria," *Marino Faliero*, } DONIZETTI.
 Overture, *Les Deux Journées*, } CHERUBINI.

ACT II.

Symphony, MS. composed for the Philharmonic } C. POTTER.
 Society,
 Quartetto, Madlle. Grisi, Mrs. E. Seguin, Signor Ru- } BELLINI.
 bini and Signor Lablache, (*I Puritani*),
 Concerto, MS. pianoforte, in D minor, composed for }
 and presented to the Philharmonic Society, first } H. HERZ.
 time of performance, Mr. Herz,
 Aria, Signor Lablache, "Ah! Vendicar potro," *Fidelio*, BEETHOVEN.
 Overture, "*Die Zauberflöte*," } MOZART.
 Leader, Mr. Loder.—Conductor, Mr. Potter.

The orchestra usually numbers from forty to fifty performers, and as the greatest attention is paid to getting up the music well, we will leave to the imagination of our readers to conceive what the effect must be of such compositions performed by such a band.

When will New-York, or any other of our American cities, be able to boast of a Society similarly conducted? Talent we have, not equal to London we admit, but still of a very high order. We could collect an orchestra in this city fully equal to the task of performing any composition. This talent only requires to be embodied and disciplined to afford the American public musical enjoyment of a far superior kind to any they have yet experienced. Must a new Society be formed for this purpose?

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE NEW-YORK SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.

It is our intention to present the readers of the Musical Journal with historical sketches of the principal American Musical Institutions, past and present; and we hope such persons as possess authentic information relating to these bodies, may consider it as a matter of duty to communicate it for the information of the public.

The history of societies, like the biography of individuals, is both interesting and instructive, particularly in cases where they have successfully struggled with difficulties, and overcome obstacles that impeded their course to usefulness and consideration.

The history of this Society affords a striking illustration of what may be effected by zeal and perseverance, steadily and judiciously directed, to effect a particular purpose.

Unaided by any other influence than what is derived from the love of music in the community, it has made its way from a very humble origin, to rank among the first institutions of the kind in the country.

The origin of this Society was attended by some circumstances of novelty. Societies of the kind are in general formally instituted for the attainment of their particular objects, and are the result of preconceived ideas of their necessity or utility in the community. This Society may be said to have originated in accident, as its establishment was the result of circumstances partly accidental, an account of which is the first step in our narrative.

Our city readers all know Zion Church, at the corner of Mott and Cross streets. This Church in the commencement of the year 1823, had a numerous and regularly organized choir, known by the name of the "Zion Church Musical Association," which had attained considerable reputation, the result of zealous practice. The chorister of the Church applied to the vestry for an increase of salary, or permission to give a concert. The vestry, however, refused to comply with either request. Upon this, the choir drew up and signed a memorial to the vestry, in which they set forth the justness of the claims of the chorister, and requested that they might be granted. This step the vestry chose to look upon as an interference with their rights and duties, and passed a resolution to that effect. This with some other previous heart-burnings and bickerings, decided the choir to withdraw from the church in a body.

A part of the choir held a meeting and resolved to found a Society for the purpose of continuing the practice of sacred music, and called it the New-York Sacred Musical Society: this is the origin of the present Society.

It is somewhat remarkable that two of our most prominent Societies should owe their origin, either directly or indirectly, to this church. The late Handel and Haydn Society, it is known, originated from the oratorios that were got up for the purpose of re-building this church after the destruction of the former edifice by fire.

The members of the new Society numbered about seventeen males and thirteen females; some of whom, however, were not performing members. They met, for a few evenings, in a school room in Mott-street, and then adjourned during the summer season. The next fall their meetings were resumed in a school room in what was then called First, now Chrystie-street, nearly opposite the Methodist Church. Here through the indefatigable exertions of some of the members, the Society began to increase rapidly in numbers and sometimes assembled forty or fifty singers at the meetings. Several of the former members of the Church Association joined the new Society, and bright prospects for the future animated its leading members to continued exertion.

The next spring the use of the church in Provost (now Franklin) street, was tendered to the Society gratuitously by the vestry, which was accepted, and the Society continued to hold its meetings in it for a considerable time.

The first concert given by the Society took place in this church on the 15th of March, 1824, being for the benefit of the church. The application to give this concert, signed by the pastor and vestry of the church, was made to the Society on the 9th of the previous month. In this letter they were informed that "the singing required need not be very extraordinary, such as you are in the habit of singing every Monday evening." If an application, containing a sentence of this import, was made at the present day, we suspect it would be considered rather disrespectful if no offensive to the dignity of the institution.

In order to exhibit more strikingly the contrast in its concerts which the interval of time between that and the present period has brought about, we insert the programme of this performance from one of the printed bills.

ARRANGEMENT OF A CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC, to be given in the 14th Presbyterian Church, in Provost-street, by the *New-York Sacred Musical Society*, for the Benefit of the Church, on Monday evening, March 15th, 1824, assisted by a number of Ladies and Gentlemen.

ORGANIST, W. A. RABBESON.—LEADER, THOS. BIRCH.

PART I.

Quartetto and Chorus, Luther's Judgment Hymn.
Solo, Miss Cole, "Gentle Spirit." CHAPPLE.
Anthem from Psalm XL, "I waited patiently," bass } CHAPPLE.
solo, Mr. Weight.
Solo, Mrs. Rabbeson, Eve's lamentation.
Anthem from Psalm XCIII, "The Lord is King," } CHAPPLE.
bass solo, Mr. Weight.
Quartetto, "Lovely is the face of nature," words } HAYDN.
by Collyer,
Duetto, Mrs. Rabbeson and Mr. Birch, "Praise ye the
Lord."
Chorus, "O praise the Lord, Hallelujah." MILLER.

PART II.

Chorus, &c., "O all ye people, clap your hands."
Solo, Thos. Birch, "In native worth," from the *Creation*.
Anthem from Psalm CIII, trio, Messrs. Ditchett, } CHAPPLE.
Bissell & Weight, "Praise the Lord, O my soul."
Solo, Mrs. Rabbeson, "O had I Jubal's lyre."
Trio, &c. Misses Cole, Coats and Mr. Weight,
"Happy beyond description he," &c.,
Chorus, "Arise ye people." FRENCH AIR.
Trio and chorus, "Lord dismiss us with thy
blessing."

One or two additional concerts took place during the season. At these there was usually two or three violins, a violoncello or two, a flute or two, clarinets the same, all played by amateurs, with, on grand occasions of display, a professional performer to play a trumpet accompaniment to a song, &c.

On the 7th of June, 1824, the annual meeting was held, and the following persons were chosen officers for the year ensuing.

JAMES P. GIFFING, President.	RICHARD H. ARNOLD; Librarian.
HOWARD A. SIMONS, 1st Vice Pres.	C. HOBBS, Assistant do.
WM. N. AYMAH, 2d do.	WM. McLAUGHLIN,
BAUMAN LOWE, Secretary.	WM. FAULKNER, } Standing
J. M. FOWLER, Treasurer.	WM. CHOLIS, } Committee.
THOS. BIRCH, Leader.	B. L. TIFFANY,

In the fall of 1824, the Society engaged the room in Broadway next to the corner of Anthony-street, then known as the "Mount Vernon School," and New Jerusalem Church." This change of location was, no doubt, for the better, and had a favorable effect on the increase of the Society by making it more known. Being in so public a place, the exercises of the Society on Monday evenings attracted considerable attention, and caused inquiries as to its object, &c. In the month of November, in that year, a new code of By-Laws was adopted, and the Society took its present name; the term "Musical" being changed to "Music." In the month of December, a concert took place in St. Stephen's Church which created quite a sensation from the great success attending it. This concert is thus spoken of in the next Annual Report of the Society, "It is not too much to say that this concert was crowned with the most flattering success; a numerous, respectable and delighted audience are ample testimonials. Upwards

of 700 tickets were disposed of at 25 cents, and the net proceeds amounted to \$115 25. One half of which went to the Sunday school attached to the church." The balance enabled the Society to pay off its debts, which were principally incurred for music. Some of the present members may smile at the comparative insignificance of this concert and at the sensation excited by it, but it will be seen that as far as regards financial results, it was far more profitable than a majority of those given at the present day. The Society this year made rapid advances in numbers and strength. During the year forty-five male and twenty-three female members were admitted; and the total number at the time of making the annual report, May 1825, two years after quitting the church, was 85 males and 43 females, making 128 members.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN MUSICAL REPORT.

BERLIN.

THE last week but one of December was miserably poor in musical occurrences. The only event worth notice was the performance of the *Messiah* by the Vocal Academy; and even that, sad to say, went off by no means well. Many towns (Breslau, for instance,) bring this kind of singing to a much greater perfection than we do. Three Italians sang at the Elysian Hall, who belong but to an inferior order, yet serve to illustrate the peculiar talent of their countrymen for singing. We must allow them a kind of national aptitude, but not criticise them theoretically, nor indeed think more of their talents than of the national peculiarities of any other people.

The Vocal Academy performed Haydn's *Seasons* on the 15th of January. On the whole, it went off well, particularly the choruses and solos; but yet the vocal and instrumental performers did not accord sufficiently with each other. The oratorio was abridged, and this, we think, was well; but unfortunately, the abridgment was far from judicious, some of the most striking parts being omitted.

A variety of musical incidents distinguished the last week in January. At M. Moser's soirée were performed one of Mozart's symphonies, the overture to *Coriolanus*, and Spohr's symphony, *Weih der Töne* (The Consecration of Sounds.) Considering the difficulty of the music, the execution was admirable; but the applause was but moderate. On the 26th M. Moser solemnized Mozart's birth-day, as is his annual custom, by a concert, in which the instrumental pieces were the symphonies in C major, the quintet in G major, and the concerto in D minor. These were interspersed with several duets, trios, and arias, from *L'Enlèvement du Sérail*, *Figaro*, and *Tito*, and the whole concluded with the finale to *Così fan tutte*, excellently performed, which excited the lively desire of seeing that opera again revived on our stage. On the same evening M. Ries opened a second series of quartets, and met with general applause.

The composer, C. F. Müller, a Dutchman by birth, has been named by the Brazilian government Court-Composer to the Emperor Pedro II.

VIENNA.

The great musical festival was repeated on the 9th of November. It was indeed a noble festival. The Vice-Hofcapellmeister Weigl conducted the whole. M. Domcapellmeister Gänsbacher presided at the piano. M. Hellmesberger, orchestra-director of the *Hofopfern Theatre*

and member of the *Hofcapell*, played the first violin, and M. Gauster the second. The solo singers were Mad. Kraus-Wranitzky, Mlle. Hönig, M. Lutz, and M. Reggla. In the choruses were employed 130 sopranos, 121 altos, 126 tenors, 150 basses. The orchestra consisted of 59 first violins, 59 second violins, 40 tenors, 40 violoncellos, 30 double-basses, 12 flutes, 12 oboes, 12 clarionets, 12 bassoons, 12 bugles, 4 contra-bassoons, 6 trumpets, 3 drums, 6 sackbuts, amounting in the whole to 843 performers. The solos and the orchestra went through their parts with an almost miraculous precision, and the whole was directed with a care and a dignity (which even displayed itself in the costume of the performers) that did the greatest credit to the managing committee. All parties concerned, from the conductor M. Weigl down to every individual chorus singer, have gained the warmest thanks for the great honor they have conferred on our imperial city by their talents and exertions.

MM. Jansa, Leidhecker, Holz, and Lincke, opened their quartet-concerts on the 16th of November, at the Musical Union Hall. The first three quartets (Haydn's in B major, Spohr's in D minor, Beethoven's in C major) were executed with that perfection of art which allows us to hope that we people of Vienna shall at last have a quartet in every respect without a blemish. To M. Lincke, in particular, we give the highest praise; he once allowed his zeal to draw him a little out of the right way, but he has now cured himself of this fault, and we may safely say that in this species of music he has no occasion to fear a rival.

The Musical Unions gave their first grand concert on the 30th of November. It was well opened by Kapellmeister Lachner's excellent first symphony. That gifted composer is at Mannheim, and though the composition went off well, there was cause to regret that he was not present to conduct. A chorus from Assmayer's oratorio, *Das Gelübde* (the Vow,) was well sung. A dilettante performed with great taste an adagio and rondo on the violoncello. To say that the overtures to *Arion* by Mehul, and a chorus from Handel's *Solomon*, met with applause would be superfluous, as their merit is too well acknowledged to warrant a different reception.

We cannot help mentioning some private concerts which have taken place here, though it may not be strictly the etiquette to record such things in public; but we were so charmed by the excellence of what was given, and the real delight with which it was received, that we think it a want of duty to remain silent. The music, strange to say, was neither by Rossini, nor Vaccai, nor Herz, nor Donizetti, nor Hünter—no! but by Beethoven, the immortal Beethoven! Here, in a circle of about 150, are to be found all the real admirers of the great master; and the manager of the concert deserves the warmest thanks for selecting such pieces as would remain unnoticed in an audience less select.

The 14th of December was distinguished by the Union's second grand concert. One of Haydn's symphonies was followed by an air from *Tancredi*. We marked the contrast. A pupil of the Conservatorio proved himself a genuine master of the oboe. The whole ended with Rössiger's overture to *Yelva* and Lachner's oratorio of *Moses*. The Union also on the 21st of December commenced a series of *Pupil Concerts*. These have a doubly beneficial effect; by inspiring the students with courage requisite for performance in public, and by giving the public itself an opportunity of judging of their progress. This first concert went off exceedingly well; one young violinist in particular showed a talent far beyond his years, in the execution of some variations by Mayseder. On the same evening Mlle.

Amelia Hirsch gave a concert, in which she displayed great skill in pianoforte playing; while an overture by her instructor, Payer, did great honor to its composer.

The Musical Society of the Empire gave us exquisite delight by the performance of the whole of Beethoven's music to *Egmont*, while an elucidatory poem by Mosengeil, adapted by Grillparzer, was recited. The public were so charmed, that they desired a second performance; and this accordingly took place. The orchestra showed itself worthy of the great work it had undertaken, and even seemed inspired by the spirit of the composer. M. Anschütz deserves mention for the correct style in which he delivered the elucidatory poem.

PARIS.

Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, with Grisi as *Anna* and Lablache as *Henry the Eighth*, has been acted at the Théâtre Italien with great success. Tamburini as *Assur*, in Rossini's *Semiramide*, has given great satisfaction to the public.

The concerts here have been ordered badly enough; two have been held *per diem*, in which were repeated again and again the modern insignificant music, with now and then a piece from Beethoven, the latter not at all suiting the public taste. M. Berlioz has given several concerts, the performers of which were chiefly Germans; but alas! the French will prefer Bellini to Beethoven, and Berlioz is not the man to set them in the right way. We must not, however, omit to mention the third concert given by the Conservatoire, in which the *Credo* from Beethoven's last mass, the same composer's symphony in C minor, and Mozart's overture to the *Zauberflöte*, were played in the highest degree of perfection.

LONDON.

KING'S THEATRE.—This theatre cannot be said to have commenced operations till after the arrival of the company from Paris: till they came, all was *make believe*, and downright imposition on those who, not knowing how to dispose of their surplus wealth, subscribed at the rate of a guinea a seat per night for what was misnamed an opera.

On Tuesday, April 28th, Mad. Fincklohr, who, but for illness, was to have been the prima donna during the first part of the season, made her appearance in the character of *Semiramide*. Her voice is extensive but rough, and she attempts to do much, failing often in what she attempts. Her person is in her favor, and her action good; but it seems unlikely that she should ever be equal to the first parts in any great theatre.

On the Thursday following, *Don Giovanni* was performed, Madame Fincklohr as *Zerlina*, a part which we recommend her never again to assume. Mlle. G. Grisi's *Donna Anna* was excellent, and Tamburini made the best *Don Giovanni* that has appeared since the inimitable Ambrogetti. As singers, we need not say, there is no point of comparison between the two. Lablache's *Leporello* is, in every thing, save figure, the most perfect we have ever seen. But much of the music was marred by the rapid time in which it was performed. It is to be presumed that Signor Costa is responsible for this: he had better trust to the superior judgment of the leader, Mori, whenever Mozart is concerned. We beg to ask why the masquerade scene was so mutilated? Why were we deprived of the two bands on the stage, a striking feature, musically considered, in the opera? On the whole, then, we must say that it would be far more desirable to suffer the operas of this composer to remain quietly in the library, than to bring them forward in a manner not in every way calculated to maintain his reputation.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE—Mr. Bunn having, at his imperial will and pleasure, shut up the two national theatres many weeks before the accustomed time, opened one of them again, with a foreign singer, and a foreign opera, on Monday, May the 18th, when *La Sonnambula*, composed by Bellini, was performed. Even the Italian name was preserved, as if to show how de-nationalized our national stage had become. Madame Malibran was the heroine,—it is unnecessary to mention the subordinates;—she, in the double capacity of singer and actress, sustained the whole weight of the opera, and bore it well. With her rich, powerful, and extensive voice, combined with so great a knowledge of her art, she fulfilled all reasonable expectations: her singing was as a whole, charming, and her acting often affecting. But it is downright extravagance to assert that the one is perfection, and the other faultless. Mad. Malibran's defects as a singer are, a redundancy of ornament, an ostentatious display of her capability at the expense of the music, (not that this signifies much in the case of such compositions as most of Bellini's,) a capriciousness, and a propensity to force a shake, a very rude one, in the lower part of her voice. As an actress she is far from uniformly true to nature, and seems to be governed by no rules of art. She, however, trusts to the dictates of her own feelings, and those often direct her right. Sometimes, however, they lead her into absurdities, for her judgment is not strong, though she is thoroughly persuaded of its infallibility.

Malibran has, at length, found a character worthy of her unrivalled powers, in the *Leonora* of Beethoven's opera. The beauties of *Fidelio* are known to the musical portion of the metropolis, but they have yet to be rendered familiar to the generality of play-goers. They are not aware what a mighty creation is this opera—how it unfolds the power of music to a degree which few would believe it to possess,—how it excites every passion and feeling of the heart, and keeps the senses in a state of constantly increasing excitement. Let us hope that the production of this opera will do something towards teaching the town what dramatic music really is in its highest and noblest flights. At the Italian Theatre they may learn from *I Puritani*, its most grovelling efforts.

Malibran's performance is one of the most perfect exhibitions of singing combined with dramatic action that we ever witnessed. Let those who have scoffed at the notion of a singing heroine, witness her personation of *Leonora*, and own their error. No simple recitation could have produced the effect which the music of Beethoven and her singing produced. In some points Schroeder surpassed her; but the victory, on the whole, rested with Malibran. She threw her entire soul into the part, and seemed as familiar with the style of Beethoven, and the peculiar features of German dramatic music, as if she had spent her life at Munich or Dresden.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—At the *English Opera House*, Bellini's *Italian Opera* has been brought out, under the title of *The Female Sleep-Walker*, a name as clumsy as the other is out of character in any but an Italian theatre. Why not *Sonnambulist*, seeing that the word *Sonnambulism* is now adopted in our language? Miss Romer is a clever performer, and goes through the part, both as regards singing and acting, very respectably, but excels most in the latter. Indeed, after having heard the same music sung, during the last year or two, by the first vocalists in Europe, that young lady necessarily appears under some disadvan-

tage, notwithstanding her allowed merit. She is not very ably supported on the stage: in fact, neither here nor at Covent Garden can the heroine boast of receiving much aid from her theatrical lover. The want of good English tenors is much felt in our theatres. This is the true reason why composers write so much for a bass voice: they have a Phillips.

A new English opera has been produced at this house entitled the *Spirit of the Bell*, the drama by Kenny, the music by George Rodwell. The story is that of Aladdin,—"bell" being substituted for "lamp," and the name *Azolin*, exchanged for that of the original hero. The music it is said is not much distinguished by originality; but the airs are, generally, pleasing; some of the concerted pieces beautiful, and the melo-dramatic music excellent.

The **ORATORIO** of the **MESSIAH** was performed at Guildhall, for the benefit of the London national schools, on the 11th June, with two hundred of the best performers London could produce; and yet it failed to draw a numerous audience. This result is attributed to the constant repetition of this great work. Among the performers was Mr. Charles Ashley, seated as he sat fifty years ago, behind his violoncello. The principal singers were, Stockhausen, Caradori, Miss Woodyatt, and Miss Novello; Messrs. Braham, Horncastle, Phillips, and E. Taylor.

MR. CRAMER'S LAST PERFORMANCE IN PUBLIC.—This very distinguished performer on the pianoforte, and composer for the instrument, gave a concert on the 19th of May, being his last performance in public. The following are the remarks of the Musical Library on the occasion:—

"Mr. Cramer performed several of his new studies, some of which are exceedingly ingenious and beautiful, a few very difficult, and all of the higher order of musical composition. The moment now arrived for taking leave. To the public this graceful musician was first introduced in a work of Mozart, and he bade them farewell in a composition by the same. The quintet in E flat needs no eulogy: we never heard it so played, and most probably shall never again hear so perfect a performance. When he who took the principal part in this rose, amidst the loudest and warmest cheerings, to make his last bow, we saw many lovely eyes filled with tears; and some of the sterner sex exhibited emotions no less honorable to themselves than to the occasion by which they were excited.

Mr. Cramer retires from England at the close of this season, and takes up his residence in Munich. With him we lose the finest model of pianoforte playing that ever existed. While too many seek to astonish by *tours de force*, by feats which a self-acting instrument, a piece of mechanism, can perform much better, he addresses himself to both heart and understanding, and by a union of science, of the most refined taste, and of exquisite feeling, enables music,—an inarticulate language,—to discourse so eloquently, that all who have an ear for modulated sounds, and are endowed with even a moderate share of excitability, confess the greatness of its influence.

Unhappily, a style such as Mr. Cramer's, which is all beauty and sentiment, and such a touch as he possesses, which is unique, cannot be expressed in notes or explained in words, they can only be learnt from himself: we fear, therefore, that with him we also lose his art; for the young performers of the present day, too often wanting soul, find it much easier to acquire execution than taste and expression, and willingly relinquish all attempts at the latter, trusting for success to a rapidity of finger, and to the

ignorance of the majority of those whom it is their interest to please.

MISS KEMBLE made her debut at the Ancient Concerts, on the 13th of May. She is thus spoken of by the "Musical Library:"—

"A new candidate for vocal fame now appeared, Miss Adelaide Kemble, one of the family so long and so highly distinguished by talent, the second daughter of Mr. Charles Kemble. The pieces chosen for the occasion,—her first public appearance,—were two of Handel's most expressive compositions, and exactly suited to the style which seems natural to her; for pathos, strong feeling of either the tender or tragic kind, is evidently her forte. Her voice is full and powerful,—its compass great, the best part of it running low, into the mezzo-soprano scale, and she has acquired from a good Italian master the art of delivering it in the best manner. Her intonation is extremely pure, and, as was to be expected in one so related, her articulation is remarkably correct and distinct. Miss Kemble had, up to this time, confined her studies almost exclusively to Italian music, that of Handel was, therefore, strange to her, a circumstance which gives her additional claim to praise for the efforts she must have made to prepare herself for so arduous an undertaking. Success is the reward of her labor; and we will hazard the opinion, that this young lady is destined to become as great in the line she has chosen, as the elders of her family have proved in the art of which they have been such distinguished ornaments.

MR. HENRI HERZ announces a concert in the London papers; among the pieces is a Duet Concertante, à la Handel, by Mr. Moscheles and Mr. Herz; "La Fête Pastorale," a characteristic fantasia for eight performers on four pianofortes, performed by Mr. Moscheles, Cipriani Potter, Neale, Billard, Schlesinger, Schulz, Kiallmark, and Henri Herz—that must have been a rattler. But it was a mere bagatelle compared to Mr. Bochsa's concert, at which "Czerny's Concert Stuck" was performed by sixteen pianists and twelve harpists.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

T. F. MOLT'S NEW AND ORIGINAL METHOD FOR THE PIANOFORTE, calculated to facilitate the task of both learner and teacher, and constructed in conformity with the principles of the latest and most approved German, English, and French elementary works, interspersed with numerous examples and progressive lessons, &c. pp. 95. Burlington, Vt.: Smith & Harrington.

Incidents are frequently occurring which strongly prove the increasing attention paid to music in the United States. The interest taken on the subject is not confined, as many suppose, to the Atlantic cities, and densely settled country bordering on the coast; the manifestations to which we allude are those exhibited far in the interior, where we least look for them. It is but recently we noticed a well-written little volume on the Pianoforte, from Cincinnati. We now have to call the attention of our readers to an Instruction Book for the Pianoforte, published in Burlington, Vermont.

The author of the present work has for the last twenty years been engaged in teaching the Pianoforte; finding, as he says, that even the best instruction books of the day did not altogether answer the purposes of his pupils, as some of them appear to be written by men whose degree of perfection caused them to forget the wants of young

beginners, and others again seem to have no other object than to make tune players of the learners, he was induced to undertake the task of supplying what he considered a desideratum.

The first part of the book is dressed in conversations between a mother and her child. The questions are intended to awaken the ideas of the child, and are put in such a manner as to call forth the child's own answer. Instead of laying down the whole mystery of music at once, he has endeavored to disclose things gradually, keeping the theory and the practical part constantly at equal pace; thus the first six lessons are without accidentals, dots, rests, &c.; the seventh and eighth lessons contain dotted notes; the ninth and tenth lessons have rests; in the eleventh lesson accidentals are introduced; the twelfth lesson has triplets, &c. The second part of the book treats on the remainder part of elementary instruction.

This work is highly creditable to Mr. T. F. Molt, although we have seen other books upon the same plan. As to the system of *Question and Answer*, Burrows has published a small book on this principle; *new and original*, therefore, it is not. We scarcely think some of the examples elementary enough for the information of children, whom it is intended to instruct; we allude more particularly to the seventh conversation, where the *thirty-second* and *sixty-fourth* part of a semibreve is explained, and this when the pupil scarcely is made to understand the difference in value between a crotchet and a quaver, for the examples in playing have only gone as far as quavers. However, the work is very attentively put together, many of the explanations and illustrations are novel, clear, and ingenious, and all are carefully written; it must prove highly serviceable to all who use and explain from it. The typography and paper are the best we have seen in this country. We strongly recommend it to all seminaries and private teachers. Mr. T. F. Molt has fallen into the error of almost the whole musical world, in putting *Weber's* name to a celebrated waltz, page 94; *Weber* never wrote it, nor did he ever claim it; the composer's name of that beautiful morceau is *Reisenger*, and it may be found in a book of his waltzes, published in Germany some years ago. The waltz is the well-known one named "*Weber's Last Waltz*."

F. HUNTEN'S celebrated Instructions for the PIANOFORTE, in which the first Rudiments of Music are clearly explained, and the principal Rules in the Art of Fingering illustrated with numerous and appropriate examples; to which are added, Scales, Exercises, and Lessons, in the principal major and minor keys, composed and fingered by the author, pp. 85. New-York: James L. Hewitt & Co.

In this work the rudiments of music are clearly explained, and some good hints are given to parents, which even some teachers might profit by. One of the most important of these is that wherein he advises the pupil never to "play pieces not originally written for the pianoforte. Symphonies, overtures, quartettos, &c., arranged, often require laborious fingering which is apt to injure the hand of a novice." What would Mr. Hunten think of some teachers who are in the habit of giving *Rodolph's Solfège*, to their scholars to practise.

The publisher deserves the thanks of the community for so excellent a work. The exercises are judiciously intermixed and well graduated, and calculated for the progress of the pupil. Some excellent advice is given on the best method of study; from which we intend to make some

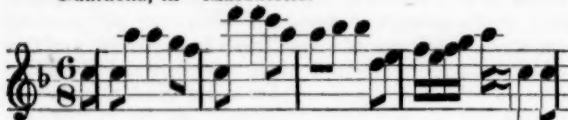
extracts in a future number. The work is well executed, and is embellished with a lithographic frontispiece. A few errata, almost unavoidable in a first edition, will no doubt be corrected in due time. It is well worthy the attention of those desirous of learning the pianoforte.

We would take the liberty to suggest to the publisher to alter the minor scales, as the 6th is always made major in ascending, and the leading note is suppressed in descending, excepting in a few instances when the harmony requires it to be retained. But when played with both hands in unison there is no harmony, and we cannot approve of them as laid down in the present work.

THE PASTORA WALTZ, for the *Pianoforte*, composed and dedicated to a *Lady of New Haven*, by S. P. R. James L. Hewitt & Co.

We notice this waltz for the purpose of exposing a most barefaced and scandalous instance of plagiarism. This waltz, which is announced as composed by S. P. R., is taken almost note for note from the "Guaracha," in *Masaniello*. A few bars of each will show our readers what claims S. P. R. has to this composition.

Guaracha, in "Masaniello."



Pastora Waltz.



We hardly know what terms to use to express our detestation of so mean and pitiful an attempt to palm off as original the productions of another. The man who will descend to such practices ought to be exiled from genteel society. Such things, we are sorry to say, are of frequent occurrence; but we shall, whenever instances of the kind come to our knowledge, hold up the perpetrators to the scorn and derision of the thinking portion of the public. The lady to whom this waltz is dedicated should, in return for the compliment, present S. P. R. with a copy of the "Guaracha," from *Masaniello*. Query.—Did the publisher never hear that opera? or did he ever examine the waltz?

EL CONVITE WALTZ, composed by L. J. Philipson. James L. Hewitt & Co.

We cannot help noticing the negligence with which this piece has been published. At the end of the first strain the seventh, instead of resolving on the third of the following chord, descends a fourth on the key note, and the bass also gives the key note. In the third page in the strain in *♭* the *♭* is very often omitted; and in the twelve last bars the modulations are too sudden, and the return to the theme in *♭* is very awkward.

"I SING OF LOVE AND THREE," composed and arranged for the *Harp or Pianoforte*, and respectfully inscribed to Miss C. Watson, by HENRY J. TRUST. J. F. Atwill.

The melody is very pretty and expressive; but the bass is defective. We would generally recommend to those who compose and publish, to acquire a good knowledge of harmony, and critically examine their productions before submitting them to the public.

"OH! MOMENTS OF PLEASURE," a *Duet*, the music by MOZART, the words written and adapted by S. C., Esq. James L. Hewitt & Co.

This duet, from the opera of *Così fan Tutti*, is very well adapted. It is a beautiful melody, in which both parts are interesting. It is a true vocal duet.

"ONE CONSTANT FRIEND," a favorite Spanish air, arranged as a *Duet* by Miss E. L. DEACON. James L. Hewitt & Co.

This is a pretty duet, but there is a mistake in the second and sixth bar of the second soprano, which disagrees with the harmony.

"AH, DO NOT FORGET, LOVE," a *Ballad*, sung by Mrs. WATSON, written, and the *Symphonies, Accompaniments, and greater part of the Melody* composed expressly for her, by J. WATSON. New-York: Endicott.

"OH! DO NOT FORGET LOVE," a popular *Ballad*, sung by Mrs. J. WATSON, the *Poetry* presented to the publisher by a young lady, the *Music* arranged for the pianoforte from "Masaniello," by L. J. PHILIPSON. New-York: J. F. Atwill.

This is a very pretty ballad, and is sung very prettily by Mrs. Watson, at Niblo's. The publication of two editions has given rise to some controversy between Mr. Watson and Mr. Atwill. It will be seen that Mr. Watson claims the words, the greater part of the melody, &c. As to the greater part of the melody Mr. W. certainly has no claim, as that is from *Masaniello*, and is the "Guaracha," of which we have given an example above. Mr. Atwill denies that Mr. W. has any right to either words or music, and insists on his right to publish. The subject is to be decided in a court of law, and we intend to present our readers with a report of the trial. The subject of copyright is not generally understood; and we hope this case may be the means of having the law laid down clearly and explicitly, for the guidance of both authors and publishers.

MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES.

No. I.

Back Woods, July, 1835.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "AMERICAN MUSICAL JOURNAL."

Sir,—On the subject of music in the United States, much might be said that would be found useful to the present generation, and a guide to the future. With your permission I propose, from time to time, advising, noticing, and animadverting on various topics which I conceive will be useful to the public, and will come legitimately within the scope and intention of your Journal. I am an admirer of the art, and often visit you for no other purpose than to gratify that feeling. There are many worthy and opulent citizens who argue to their sons that music is a useless accomplishment, a waste of time, and unworthy of the occupation of a man of business. Yet we find when *Jockey Clubs*, *Billiard Tables*, *Cock Pits*, *Badger Hunts*, and *Tenpin Alleys* were less numerous, those were the ages for the cultivation of the rational, refined, and sublime art of music. Can we now boast of the splendid church music of other days? Do we enjoy the social amusements that were so improving to the mind in those times? Alas! I fear we cannot say we do. Did the Earl of Mornington bring up his sons, the Marquis of Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington, with less care

because he indulged in the composition of music? Was Dr. Harrington, of Bath, thought less of as a physician, or the great Herschell as an astronomer, because the one composed some beautiful vocal music, and the other was a fine violoncello player? Did Prince Frederick Louis, of Prussia, who fell gallantly at Leipzig, fight with less courage because he was a splendid pianoforte player, and composed some of the best instrumental music of his day? Or, on what did Buonaparte depend, when on the Alps his whole army, overcome with cold and fatigue, dispirited and discouraged, lay down in the snow to die? Was it eloquence? Was it threats? Or was it flogging?—No, **IT WAS MUSIC!** The happy thought of the Great Captain, who called his drum major to him and whispered in his ear, to let the band strike up the *Marseillois Hymn*, which no sooner saluted the ears of the dying soldiery, than, reanimated, they flew to their posts, and by the inspiring sounds of music alone overcame an obstacle, till then never achieved by man. Such is music's power. Shall we then be told that its study is a loss of time?—that it is unworthy the consideration of a scholar, or a man of business?

Why are we less musical than other nations? Why are we more cold to its influence? for we fear we must acknowledge this to be the case. Do we think to encourage music by building an *Italian* opera house before we understand it when adapted to our mother tongue; or by encouraging a host of foreigners of mediocre ability, who come here with all the airs, conceit, and extortionate demands of the first talent of Europe, with which we have never heard their names in any way associated? Or is it by patronising any quack who advertises to teach the whole *art and mystery* of composition in twelve lessons; or who engages to produce a *Haydn*, a *Mozart*, or a *Beethoven* upon the *Logerian System*; or again, by teaching young ladies *taste, expression*, and giving them an *ear for music* on a *dumb pianoforte*, which we are credibly informed is the mode practised in some seminaries in New-York, and other cities? Is not nearly all our *church music* in every department a disgrace to the calling it is intended to ornament and assist? Then look at our music publishers, who, with very few exceptions, print every fashionable trifle from Europe, that will not cost ten dollars in bringing out—ill chosen and full of errors—putting on it a fictitious price in order that it may appear to sell at half! This new system in trade was commenced by a person who, it is said, ruined himself by publishing the opera of *Cinderella*, charging the full price, \$12.—2l. 18s. while the single pieces were sold at half. This spirited publisher paid nothing for copyright, while the London publisher of the same work paid the adapter 300l.—nearly \$1400, and sold the book for 1l. or \$4 44. Very enormous sales took place in both countries, particularly in this, for we witnessed it on all the counters, aye and under the counters, lying about the floors, in every music and book store from New Orleans to Eastport in Maine. All this appears paradoxical. Can any but the sellers themselves understand it? No. Will they explain it? No. 'Tis a secret they wish to keep from the musical world. But the whole system of composing, performing, teaching, buying and selling, is fallacious, and loudly calls for reform. The first step towards such reform, that which is the foundation of all the rest, is the establishment of a NATIONAL ACADEMY, under the guidance of a *principal professor* in every department. Let a committee of merchants, or citizens who have retired from the bustle of the world, superintend it; let them engage the best talent in the country,

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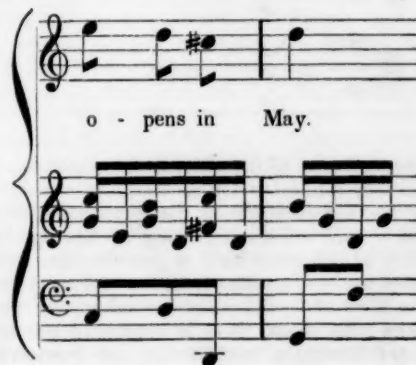
and if that is not satisfactory, send to Europe for others; the efficient and competent are to be had by applying to the academies of Paris or London. From this will gradually flow results that will effect an entire change in the present system, or rather want of system, that afflicts our musical affairs.

Since my last visit to New-York and Philadelphia I find, that some attempts of this kind have been made by individual professors, who *dub* their schools with the dignified name of academies, and appoint themselves principals; but an institution that truly deserves the name has yet to be founded. There is one of the former at Philadelphia, at the head of which is Mr. E. Ives, jun. We know little of this gentleman; he is no doubt a very pretty pianoforte or violin player; but a master, a teacher, a principal of an academy must be judged by his works, and it is from his writings that I infer, from such professors much information is not to be gained. A song of this gentleman's happens to be before me, "The Weeping Willow." I should be glad to learn how the following distribution of harmony and melody are to be accounted for. Observe that the first bar is totally unprepared, as the common chord of c precedes it in the original; it is found in the first line of the second page.—



I will not attempt to explain what this harmony is, or what was meant, for I candidly confess myself unable. The great Haydn, when asked trifling questions by young composers, and that he wished to get rid of the subject, would answer, "If it sounds well, it is pretty nearly right;" but let any amateur or professor try this, and he will find that it has not even the saving merit of *sounding well*.

Again—



A third example, from the last line and symphony, and no more—



I have endeavored to make allowances for typographical errors, but find myself, if possible, in a greater maze than *with them*. This gentleman should study counterpoint, double and single; he should know that every note in the scale has its particular chord *ascending and descending*, and that each is governed by its *fundamental bass* note, and that all discords should be *prepared and resolved*, that *suspensions and resolutions* should be managed with adroitness, and that all these effects should be studied and tried before he puts pen to paper for public inspection. By a course like this, many a young composer would prove a credit to his instructor, himself, and the country that encourages his vocation. In speaking thus, I am without the slightest personal feeling against this gentleman, but duty to the public and *respect for the art* dictates to me to examine with unshrinking impartiality the merits of those who sit in high places, and undertake to direct the public mind.

Another candidate presents himself with a sacred song, entitled "Ruth and Naomi," composed and dedicated to the Right Rev. B. B. Smith, bishop of Kentucky, by Wilhelm Iucho. His first bars are a decided plagiarism from Beethoven's beautiful waltz, "Le Desire;" in the eighth and ninth bars the following curiously dispersed harmony takes place—



Might not the following be preferable—



In the arrangement of the extreme sharp seventh, there is no satisfactory resolution for each note in the chord, as written by Mr. Iucho, while in the distribution now recommended he will find the *eb* changing into *eb*, a more natural order, by being confined to one situation, than the extraordinary mode of vaulting from one cliff to another as he does,—a kind of *legerdemain operation*. In the bar which occurs after these, there is something like hidden fifths, by *eb* following *A* in the treble, and *E* resolving to

D in the bass line—unpardonable faults in a professor. I am equally as free from personal bias against this gentleman as the former—The want of system and proper instruction is rendered glaringly apparent by so much music being printed in this country incorrectly distributed and ungrammatically composed. When we go to our churches we see singing books printed with the treble staff where the tenor ought to be; choristers with one eye on the music book and the other on the hymn book. Sometimes there are different editions of the same air, the organist using one and the singers another, both often with plenty of wrong notes, and indifferently adapted parts. Any interference or attempt at improvement by the organist, perhaps loses him his situation, for there is the clergyman, the vestry gentlemen, and the amateurs to please, who never harmonize in opinion. Such is our state, not 'most musical,' but 'most melancholy.' Yet we have professors enough, and good ones too, who will willingly give their mite to assist the *true art*, and whose abilities require but to be *patronized* into activity, to meliorate the present state of things. But quackery and pretension, joined with impudence, seem to thrive, while modest merit is often overlooked. Our amateurs are cold, lukewarm, and we must add, parsimonious. They think nothing of the liberality of a professional man giving his talents gratis for their amusement at a friend's house, which is just giving away five, ten, or twenty dollars a night; but let a professor go to a merchant, and say, *Come and spend an evening with me, and put so many dollars' worth of your goods in your pocket, by way of passing a pleasant hour or two*, he would think it a very expensive and strange mode of invitation; and yet amateurs practise this every week on the professor without the least reflection.

The press will also demand a share of my advice, for the extraordinary manner in which they laud one vocalist to the skies for invariably singing too sharp, and another for not singing sharp enough, and this too under the very roof where the proprietor declared "he would not stand such d—d nonsense as singing too sharp in the Park theatre." And all this is taking place, while modest, well-educated, and rising talent is crushed by coldness, indifference, and ignorant remarks.

I shall, Mr. Editor, with your assistance, from time to time, bring to the notice of the public, past performers, past publications, as well as those of the present day, and shall venture opinions on what is going on before us without shrinking, pledging myself, however, to

"Nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice,"

but "to be just and fear not." "Viva la musica!"

Yours,

A # MAJOR.

Whoever our correspondent is, we suspect he has not been in the *Back Woods* always. He appears to know something of the existing state of things out of the woods. He handles pretty severely the compositions which he notices, but as he evidently understands the subject, his criticisms, we have no doubt, will both benefit the composers and the public. We shall be glad to hear from him at any time. It will be a pleasure to us to render the columns of this Journal instrumental in correcting the existing evils and abuses in the musical world. Our correspondent disclaims all personal feeling; we have to reiterate this declaration on our own part in its fullest sense.

Ed.

REMARKS ON THE LIFE OF VON WEBER.

We, this month, present our readers another able article from the Foreign Quarterly Review. In addition to the particulars of the life, and the affecting details of the last days of Von Weber, we have an able piece of criticism on his merits, as compared with the celebrated Rossini. The same erudite views which marked the life of Berthoven, (given in a former number,) are discernable in the present article; and we think we are warranted by internal evidence in attributing it to the same pen. The remarks of the writer present enlarged views of the objects of the art, and are calculated to be of essential service to all who turn their attention to musical composition. They are worthy of the special consideration of our young professors; and, indeed, of all who appreciate elegant and philosophical criticism. We conceive that we can in no way render our Journal more serviceable than in disseminating more widely such articles as these, and that this, although long, will amply repay perusal.

The compositions of this extraordinary man soon reached our shore, and his celebrated *Der Freischütz* appeared here in the shape of a melo drama. On the arrival of Mr. Horn from Drury Lane, in 1827, it was brought out at the Park Theatre as an opera, and nearly all the music was performed. The cast then was, Mrs. Knight as *Linda*; Mrs. Sharpe, *Anne*; Miss Kelly, *Adolph*; and Mr. Horn, *Caspar*. On this occasion the overture was, for the first time, encored, although in London it always received that compliment. It was evident the orchestra had profited by some hints from Mr. Horn, who had played his part in London some 160 nights. Shortly after this, Mrs. Austin graced the part of *Linda*, and Pearman that of *Adolph*. The opera now became still more attractive, and was always performed to very good houses. We hope yet to see it done completely as Weber composed it. The English version of the drama is, no doubt, better than even the original, and far better than French. Indeed, this was acknowledged by Weber himself when in London.

In this country *Der Freischütz* is familiarly known to the inhabitants of our principal cities, and parts of it to the whole Union. *Oberon* was also brought out at the Park, but without the original parts; those used being an arrangement of T. Cooke. It was performed but a few times. *Aber Hasson* has also been played but with very little of the original music.

DOMESTIC MUSICAL REPORT.

PARK THEATRE.

On the 21st of July Weber's great masterpiece, *Der Freischütz*, was produced for the benefit of Mr. C. Horn. His father, Mr. Charles E. Horn, performed the part of *Caspar*. An unusual degree of interest was caused in the musical circles by the re-appearance of this gentleman, it being generally understood, that owing to a protracted illness his voice was in a great degree lost, in consequence of which he had bid adieu to the stage. Additional interest was created by the alliance of the parties to each other, and curiosity was excited by the appearance of father and son together. The father, a composer, singer, instrumental performer, and actor, in all of which capacities he has attained an eminent rank;—the son, a young candidate for the honors of the profession. It is, perhaps, unfavorable to any young aspirant to be brought into immediate comparison with superior merit, but it is especially so in the case of father and son; as the merits of the lat-

ter are apt to be scanned with more than ordinary closeness, principally because the vanity of the auditors is gratified by a display of their critical acumen and discrimination, in deciding whether the son inherits his father's talents. As a general rule, therefore, we think occurrences similar to the present are rather unfavorable than otherwise to young candidates. However, on a benefit night, there are more interesting considerations to influence performers than that of fame; and we are pleased that they enabled us once more to see Mr. H. on the boards. The house was full, and the reception of Mr. Horn was most enthusiastic; a circumstance that must have been most gratifying to his feelings. Mr. Horn was the original *Caspar* at Drury Lane theatre, London, when this opera was produced at that house in 1824, and it is generally agreed that it is his very best character. And yet it may be mentioned in proof of how little performers are able to judge in what characters they will best succeed, that he very reluctantly consented to take this part at the time, and was principally induced to do so to oblige the manager. His success in the character was complete, and in it he has been without a rival to the present time. So great was the sensation he produced, that Kiesewitter, the celebrated violinist, endeavored to persuade him to perfect himself in the German language that he might play it in Germany; for although written for a bass voice, he had so ingeniously adapted it to his tenor voice, that it lost very little of the composer's intended effect. His acting this evening had lost none of its former spirit and effect; he played the part with uncommon animation. His voice is not equal to what it was, but it has suffered less than we anticipated. He sang "Fill, fill the glass," with energy and spirit equal to the first time we heard him, and it is needless to say that taste and judgment were conspicuous in all he had to sing.

Mr. Horn, jr. is a deserving young gentleman, with promising abilities, and his merits are receiving the favorable notice of the judicious part of the press. His singing is marked by good taste and feeling; his cadences, appoggiaturas, and embellishments generally, given with judgment and are appropriate to the style and character of the music. He performed the part of *Adolph* well, for one to whom the business of the stage is new, and received flattering tokens of the approbation of the audience. Great allowances must be made for the embarrassment under which a novice appears before the public. Gentlemen of the Bar, the Senate, and the Church know how to appreciate the sensations produced by this trying event.

As the diffidence, caused by all public exhibitions, wears off, we have no doubt he will realize the favorable opinions we have expressed of him. We would recommend to him to emulate his father's energy and spirit.

Mrs. Knight performed the part of *Linda*—she has lost much of her sweetness of tone since her sojourn in the south, and seems to have imitated the French style, without their address. Every thing in French acting, or French singing, is so peculiarly their own, that any attempt at imitation, by a stranger, is almost sure to prove a failure. We can hardly believe that this is the same lady who used to please us by her ballads when she first came to this country.

A Mrs. Conduit made her appearance in *Anna*—she is a young and pretty woman, with a moderately sweet voice; and she sings in tune, a most rare qualification in these times. She came to this country, about a year since, with letters of introduction to Mr. Horn from Mr. T. Welsh, the celebrated master of Miss Stephens and other distinguished vocalists. At that time there was no opening at

the Park for her, and she played the last season in Philadelphia. She is now engaged, for the next season, at this house; at which the addition of one or two good female singers is very much needed. Her husband is an excellent violoncello and double-bass player, and they will both prove a desirable addition to our musical world.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

MR. GAMBATI'S CONCERT. This performer's benefit took place on the 17th ult., and a crowded garden attested the extent of his popularity. There was from 1700 to 1800 persons present. Whether it is that Mr. G., by his tact in making up an attractive bill, or that he is *per se*, so attractive, or both causes combined, we will not stop to inquire; but one thing is very evident, that he is the most successful at his benefits of any of our public performers. Last winter his concert at the City Hotel was the best attended of any during the winter. We are extremely gratified at this: it is by patronage that good performers will be retained among us; and Mr. Gambati is a performer of great merit, and is every way worthy of the patronage he receives. We hope, however, during the season that the merits of many others will not be overlooked; that the public will bear in mind that a performer looks forward to his benefit as a test of his popularity, as well as with the hope of remuneration for that time spent for their gratification, which the regular salary does not always adequately remunerate.

The songs by Mrs. and Miss Watson were, as usual, well sung. The duet was very fine, and shows very strongly the advantage of even professional performers practising much together. We venture to say that were any two performers, of equal talent, to sing a duet after the usual practise of one rehearsal or so, that, that simultaneous delivery, of both words and music, and those nice and delicate shades of feeling and expression, which render a duet by these ladies so delightful, would be scarce half attained. We recommend to all young ladies, who are in the habit of singing duets, to go and hear Mrs. and Miss W.

Mrs. Mitchell has but lately appeared before the public. She possesses an agreeable voice, without much power. She is a pupil of the Italian school.

Mr. Gambati's solo afforded great gratification, and the duet of "All's Well," by him and Cioffi, which was really delightful, was encored. The fine full tones of their noble instruments blended in beautiful harmony. Mr. Major played Steibelt's Storm Rondo in a capital manner, and was rapturously encored. Instead, however, of playing the same piece a second time, he performed another, highly beautiful. Although this change was to us agreeable enough, as the first was long enough for one piece, yet we doubt the propriety of a performer making such a change; as it is evidently the wish of the audience to have the piece encored.

Mr. Kendall, of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, who has appeared for several seasons past, performed a concerto on the clarinet. This gentleman is considered, by many of his admirers as the best performer in the country, (an opinion to which we cannot subscribe.) He certainly is very eminent on his instrument; his tone is good, and he possesses abilities of finger that surmount the most formidable passages with the greatest apparent ease. He is a decided favorite with the public.

Mr. Howard, who formerly sang at the Chatham theatre, has appeared this season, after a long absence. We do not observe that his powers are any way impaired.

Mr. Cioffi had his benefit on the 24th. A still more numerous audience attended than at Gambati's concert. It was a most gratifying evidence of the very general favor in which this eminent performer is held. We are glad to see that the public have atoned to him for their neglect last winter. We have nothing special to remark of the performances. Gambati and Cioffi were as usual masterly.

VAUXHALL GARDEN.

On the 16th of July a concert took place in this garden for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Dr. McCaffray. A good selection of music was given, and several good performers were engaged, but it proved a failure so far as regards the *benefit*. Mr. Norton played a concerto, consisting of a melange of favorite airs, the whole beautifully performed, "Auld Lang Syne" particularly so.

There was a duet between Messrs. Kendal and Christian, which was very good. Clarinet duets between two such performers are of rare occurrence.

Mr. Latham sang a couple of comic songs, which means now-a-days a collection of absurd trash, balderdash, and nonsense. In one of them, "Love me love my dog," there were allusions so palpably vulgar, that we were very much surprised at a man of Mr. Latham's standing for singing it, and yet more surprised at the audience for tolerating it.

The Sunday evening concerts of sacred music are well attended. The trumpet accompaniments of Mr. Norton form a prominent feature. Mrs. Conduit has lately appeared at them.

TRIAL OF SKILL BETWEEN MESSRS. GEAR & CASOLANI.

We understand this trial, which we announced in our last, is to take place at Niblo's on Saturday evening, the 8th instant. Each party is to play a piece of his own choice in the first part. This will be followed, in the second part, by a composition, pronounced by Dragonetti to be the most difficult of performance of any ever written for the instrument. The subject, and each variation, will be played by each alternately. The audience will thus have a full and fair opportunity of judging of the comparative skill of these celebrated performers.

LITCHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

We do not know of any section of our country in which the inhabitants display more zeal in the promotion of music than the county at the head of this article. Our readers have noticed from time to time in the "Musical Journal," accounts of the musical proceedings in this place. We are glad to be able to furnish additional evidence that their zeal continues undiminished—that they have not become wearied in well-doing. We condense below from the "Enquirer," a paper published in the place, an account of a concert, given on the 1st ult., and of the society that performed it, viz.—"The Litchfield County Sacred Music Society."

"This society was organized on the 11th Feb., 1835. Its officers consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Assistant Secretary, Treasurer and nine Trustees, who together form an Executive Board for the transaction of the ordinary business of the society. The object of this organization is, to improve the style and execution of sacred music in the county.

The society met at Litchfield for rehearsal on the 30th of June, and on the 1st instant gave an Oratorio at the Episcopal church, under the direction of R. G. Camp, Esq., the president of the society, who acted as conductor and vocal leader. The choir consisted of sixty-two vocal and ten instrumental performers, the whole belonging to different choirs within the county. The violoncellos were Mr. Smith of Washington, Mr. Wetmore of Winchester, Mr. Starr of New Milford, and Mr. Strong of Warren. The violins, Mr. Wetmore of Winchester, Mr. Warner of Plymouth, and Mr. Harrison of Litchfield. The flutes, Mr. Smith of Torrington, Mr. Cook of Plymouth, and Mr. Nettleton of Northfield."

The organists were Miss Irene Battel of Norfolk, Mrs. Fuller, Miss Bennett, Miss Harrison, and Mr. Harrison, of Litchfield.